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To Wendell Phillips
on his friend
The Negro
Boston June 17th 1861

on page 76 & 105
you will find yourself
/ / / /

THE CANNONADE.

BY

ANICETUS, [pseud.]

AUTHOR OF "OUR MODERN ATHENS; OR WHO IS FIRST?" "GENIUS, ITS FATE," "THE WALK," "HUMAN NATURE; OR THE HEART UNVEILED," "BOSTON BEAUX AND BELLES," "HARRY LEROY; OR THE FATALITY OF CRIME," ETC. ETC.

Wm. A Adolphus Eaton.

"As 't is a greater mystery in the art
Of painting to foreshorten any part,
Than draw it out, so 't is in books the chief
Of all perfections to be plain and brief."

BUTLER.

BOSTON:
A. WILLIAMS & COMPANY,
100 WASHINGTON STREET.
1861.

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DEDICATION.

To those who can appreciate truthful sentiments, though not clothed in the richest garb of poesy, — who can appreciate an *honest* satire, though not characterized with the genius of a Horace or a Juvenal, a Pope or Byron, — who do not think one should not write because he can say nothing better or so well as has been already said, — we dedicate "The Cannonade;" and ask that it may be criticised, not as poetry, but as pungent rhyme, written from an impulse to record, in plain English, some plain and painful truths, which are not often spoken, though constantly felt.

It is, perhaps, unwise to speak the truth at all; but there is, nevertheless, a satisfaction, once in a while, in the utterance of that which lays heavy at the soul, and struggles to be heard, even though it awakes no echo. He who looks at the fearful errors of man, and does not speak his shame and sorrow that such is life (whether he speaks in vain or not), hath the spirit of a coward, and the policy of a slave.

THE best verse most nearly resembles the best prose, in the plainness of the words employed, the natural construction of the sentences, and the easy intelligence of the whole, where nothing is wanting, nothing superfluous, nothing out of place, out of season, or out of proportion; in short, where nothing is singular for the sake of singularity, or out of the ordinary course, except for extraordinary purposes.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

PREFACE.

It is no easy task to write a good satire; especially in these days of excessive culture, when every one is a critic and deems him, or, herself, competent to make, or, unmake an author. We publish "The Cannonade" with the most vivid consciousness of this alarming fact; and while we have some little hope of finding favor, we are not unmindful of neglect. So much has been printed of superior verse, and is so fresh in the minds of readers, that none stand much chance of encouragement who cannot write *certainly as well*, if not much better, than has been done already. To write as well as has been written is to possess the highest order of genius; to write better is to be veritably a god! Now, we make

no claim to the highest order of *genius*, neither are we a god ; still, we have dared publish "The Cannonade," which, though it deals roughly with folly, was conceived in a generous spirit, and with a view to aid the truth. We have no disposition to underrate the fine qualities of the soul ; on the contrary, we are somewhat prone by nature to over-estimate the worth of man ; and when we represent him truly, we do so with a sense of sorrow not easily expressed.

We know that the Christian religion gives us the most lofty views of the dignity of man. We know that all benevolent and high-minded philosophy points to man as little less than God himself. But facts bearing upon him directly, as he is found to conduct himself towards society and his own kith and kin, — even those who are of his own substance, — tell against his boasted nobility of nature with astounding potency. But for the law of man, unequal as it is in its operation, and defective as it is in its ethics, what would become of the social system ? — how would that "nobility of sentiment" display itself in his concerns, — his dealings with

his neighbors? Let those answer whose hearts are but the records of his infamy and damning cunning! Let those answer who know that there is "none that doeth good, no not one;" — who feel that there is a terrific curse resting upon the race, which we do not appear ardently disposed to assuage. Our churches, our entire system of civilization, are an unmitigated falsehood! Much of our knowledge tends to weaken the brain for natural and remunerating pursuits; and vast numbers, through their *education* alone, are carried into the study, where their lives are wasted in weak, worthless, and disgusting thought. They are not *men*, but *things*, — mere automatons! whose faces are without any ray of hope or generosity, and who pass for *scholars*, when they ought to be drummed out of the community as miserable incompetents! Let all men pass their lives in some *true, genuine service*, — cultivate that knowledge which disposes them, ay, and enables them, to be charitable towards the really unfortunate of the world, and mindful of the aspirations and hopes of

those coming forward in life. Let such be the drift of our educational system, and we shall find among men more harmony, and, let us presume to add, more conscience! We desire that throughout the length and breadth of society there shall be a just balance of merit, and a fellow-feeling that shall seek out opportunities to enact the good Samaritan!

This existence is crowded with men and women of keen sensibilities, and of delicately-organized intellects, highly sympathetic and spiritual, who, whilst they are much in need of encouragement from those who can understand their needs and comprehend their scope of mentality, are too reserved in their dispositions, and too spirited to go in quest of what they feel should come to them — the appreciative sympathy of their fellow-men! But, alas! who that has a soul to suffer from a grasping and expansive conception and understanding of things, does not well know, how productive this life is of wretchedness to all true genius, when fated to require the sustaining arm of talent — who

does not know that there is something more than *cant* in the remark, that a mind of deep and earnest abstraction, if in need of human charities, though it gets bread, yet it also gets that stone of *indifference* which is even more unendurable than no bread at all.

When mankind shall come to be just towards its fellows, who most require the exercise on its part of a high manhood, then will begin the regeneration of the world! The great mass of the suffering in life is with those beings of a delicately organized mind, which requires the purest and most intellectual sympathy in its distresses. With these there is intense suffering, against very little adequate relief; and it is to the brutality, the gross sensualism of mankind, that we attribute this most painful fact. God grant that there may come about, at no very distant day, the *love* of true nobility in the heart of men, that shall outwork itself in noble deeds in all directions, and that no longer shall this nobility of his nature be a mere boast, but an imposing actuality!

Our hope of this is strong; for we cannot believe that our heavenly father will forever continue this life as it is, — a dreary pilgrimage, and a bleak desert to the most gifted of his creatures; for it is, indeed, the gifted, those who think and feel the deepest and most continuously, who are oftenest in tears! — a *weakness* to the gross and sensual, but, to the intuitive and intellectual, the strength of unrelenting and ever-living woe! Who, possessing an exalted soul, that delights in the beautiful and true, can look at and realize the conditions of life, without an overwhelming sorrow? We may ridicule and laugh at *melancholy* as much as we please; we may charge the sad countenance with sin in as much as it lacks cheerfulness; but this ridicule and this laughter does not alter the fact, that few persons having earnest, curious souls, can be otherwise than melancholy at the damning deeds of men in every age and in every clime throughout this blood-soaked globe. Nor can they be otherwise than melancholy if they reflect how unreliable are the warmest professions of friendship, and how com-

pletely one is thrown back upon himself, if he would not become entangled in the falsehoods of others. We love a cheerful face, but when we ever see it so, we know how much it has yet to learn, and how fearful that knowledge! if well digested, and thoroughly realized; for unfeigned cheerfulness cannot be the *constant* companion of that soul which has sounded the depths of knowledge, and has taken in the fulness of its sad fascinations.

Mankind are earnest after lore, thinking thereby to attain through *it* to happiness; yet, who that has labored faithfully in pursuit of truth, cannot understand most clearly that appalling confession of the great Gœthe, who, next to Shakspeare, ranks the most exalted soul of modern Europe! Says that noble intellect, in its old age, "They have called me a child of fortune, nor have I any wish to complain of the course of my life; yet, it has been nothing but labor and sorrow; and I may truly say that, in seventy-five years, I have not had *four weeks* of true comfort. It was the constant rolling of a stone, always to be lifted anew."

Here is the testimony of Gœthe as to the happiness which knowledge is capable of securing; and, yet, we would not discourage any one from its pursuit, the activity of whose mind craves to *know*; for it is absolutely essential that such persons should have all the light which learning can bestow; since they aspire to lead, and those who lead should be learned! The idea we would convey is this: Where it is not the duty of persons to be plodders in learning, they are far happier without any such an ambition; for if they have good talents for the active, light pursuits of men, they will be likely to accomplish as much, if not more good, than through mere scholarship. A thorough acquaintance with *literature* — what has been taught and written out by man, is the sole business, properly speaking, of a long life-time; and if a person is in active life, he cannot accomplish much in the closet, without weakening him as a man of business. This we assert to be the rule; to which the exceptions are few. In our judgment they who would be scholars should keep strictly within scholarship; and they who would be

thorough business men, should leave learning to those who make it a *profession;* bearing in mind that they, *as a class,* are the least to be envied in the world; having sorrows and infirmities, such as no other laborers have any approach to, and but imperfectly understand.

THE CANNONADE.

Pause from your grief, and with impartial eyes,
Survey the daring crimes which round you rise;
Your injuries then will scarce deserve a name,
And your false friend be half absolved from blame!

JUVENAL.

Descend from heaven, Queen Calliope, and come sing with your pipe a lengthened strain; or, if you had now rather, with your clear voice, or on the harp or lute of *Phœbus*. HORACE.

Proceed, my son! this youthful shame expell;
An honest business never blush to tell.

ODYSSY.

OUR country! teeming with the gifts of God,

'Gainst thee we lift stern satire's iron rod;

'Gainst thee aloud we raise the cry of shame!

'Gainst thee we hurl Nemitic fire and flame.

Reprove we *will;* we shall essay to write,
To scourge the *vice* infectious to our sight;
The hated vice that smiles when it doth stab,
Belies a friend and plays the reckless pad;
The loathsome vice to vaunting power allied,
Alike the darling of the weak and wise.
Ye gods! assist us and we will assail,
This giant fortress and 'gainst it prevail;
On its high walls those silence who proclaim,
This life a joke, Jehovah but a name.[1]
And these are men! whose callous hearts are black,
With shameless cunning and most mean attack;
Who live and die e'en as the unschool'd brute,
This world alone deemed worthy of pursuit;
Whilst on their lips the prayer is seen to play,
The knee to bend as custom points the way.

Ye hypocrites! why, why, do ye express,
What burns and beats not in your heartless breasts?
Why fair truth pretend why bepraise the right,
When righteous deeds ye rarely do requite?

Our native land, our country! oh, how great,
The gifts assigned thee by a gen'rous fate!
And wilt thou reckless of these blessings smile,
On subtle foe who dost thy friend beguile?
Thy friend is honor and thy foe is *crime*,
Which plunges headlong down the tide of time!
Be but advised, take counsel of thy heart,
And thou wilt prosper in a foremost part;
Admiring nations moved will turn to thee,
To praise thy wisdom, governed, yet, most free.

O, if thou wouldst fulfill thy mission high,
And rear thy brow in grandeur to the sky,
With care provide that *worth* its crest shall raise,
And bear away each freeman's loudest praise;
Be sure each post a faithful man denotes,
Who scorns to beg or purchase freemen's votes;
Be sure the young and tender trusting mind,
Be not debauch'd in summer's early time;
When soft, impressible, with twofold ease,
It copies quickly what it hears and sees;
And through life's labyrinth drear holds fast the clew,
Its education gives if false or true.
Aye, education! on that word we 'd dwell,
Which summons man to heaven or to hell!
We 'd humbly ask if the hot race to know,
Works not an injury — a deadly woe!

We 'd humbly ask if teaching does not damn,
As well as make the smart ambitious man?
We 'd humbly ask if each and every brain,
Should seek to govern and despotic reign?
Yet does our system bid the fool assume,
To play the *leader* in the world as i' school;
Each boy is plum'd for an audacious flight,
While one in millions gains the distant height!
The restless crowd by pride allur'd contend, —
Debasing manhood to ambitious end!
They onward push and trample weak ones down,
To serve their country and approve their town;
The private station is too mean a post,
For wise and learned and most valliant host!
Accustom'd to believe their heads most keen,
Their *right* is power as the throne is king's.

They look their metal and parade their strength ;
Display their courage — their exceeding length ;
And thus they prance like some well rowell'd steed,
Anon to vanish when of wind relieved :
They slink away asham'd to know how weak,
Their cherished manhood though filled full of Greek,
And classic nonsense they cannot convert,
To useful end to clothe them with a shirt !
But they all conscious o' error of their youth,
Gay plum'd to scale the rugged heights of truth,
Disheartened sink to their eternal rest,
With wasted intellects and sorrow'd breast.
Train'd to excell — to win the highest prize,
To spurn the humble medium worth despise ;
Mislead t' aspire e'en 'bove their scope of mind,
The meaner office with disdain decline —

And waste their lives in aiming to become,
What nature barr'd ere yet their course begun.
And *this* it is of *education* born, —
The *lettered fool* packed full of high-bred scorn ;
Who walks the pavement "like a thing of life,"
With air defiant, eager for the strife,
In which his haughty head erect and proud,
Must bend beneath the genius of the crowd ;
And he the laughter of all hardy men,
Deplores the teaching which assigned this end,
His country damns — the world's advance decries,
Both good and bad with equal hate despise.
Had he been sounded with impartial wit,
In youth's early spring — put to labor fit,
He might have borne the duties of a man,
And held an humble though a full command ;

He might have been if not a mincing fool,
An object worthy of a freeman's rule;
He might have lived with head and heart unbent,
Had he read less — less precious time misspent —
Less pride assum'd false learning does impose,
To plant the thistle where should bloom the rose.
Ah, much learning! how we loathe thy power,
When brains are wreck'd to fill thy little hour;
When manhood left untutored by thy school,
To follow instinct would escape the fool!
That bitter fate which waits on those who seek,
To "drive a trade" by Latin or by Greek.
It is not needful that the general mind,
Should know of Rome its progress and decline;
Should be enabled to recount each fact,
That marks man's progress o'er a bloody track:

For few can learn of his inhuman wrong,
With soul untainted with heart undeformed;
Which drives it oft unto that dismal shore,
Where darkness reigns, hope in heaven is o'er;
Where trusts most false in sad opinions wild,
Alike the noble and the base beguile;
Where Satan revels mocks the God of all,
And gluts his vengeance for his signal fall.
Here infidel'ty, ev'ry senseless thought,
Because 't is *bold* with eager grasp is caught;
And human souls array'd against their God,
With Satan scoff and venerate his nod.

Here the deep scholar seeking after truth,
Has drifted helpless as some vessel's booth;

His brain confused by speculations'din,
Perceiveth not that virtue is not sin;
The soaring soul doth 'pear to him a sun,
Whose course imperial ends as it begun:
He knows not, feels not, that it bears a seed,
To flower, hereafter, through a Saviour's creed;
He knows not, feels not, that our souls are God,
Our breath the breath he gave us with the sod;
And thus in doubt, in darkness, and despair,
With heavy heart life's toilsome burden bear:
Each face denotes the solemn blight within,
The sturdy conflict with the force of sin,
Without that aid which Christian faith commands,
The arm of Jesus and his angel bands!
Immersed in night they grapple with the fiend,
Whose pit unfathomed they have fallen in;

And there like snakes enfolded in their nest,

They seek forever but they find no rest!

The God of love whose written word they scorn'd,

To hopeless fate decrees them to be borne!

Dost doubt of hell? dost doubt o' Satan's pow'r?

Go probe the bosom o' yon earnest scholar;[1]

Him ask if books with all their vaunted wit,

Hath made him happy or for truth more fit;

Him ask if full as is his mind with facts,

There is not something which his knowledge lacks,

To make complete the chain from earth to God,

To bind his spirit to the realms above;

Him ask, if, when he has essay'd to find,

That active faith by which men see though blind,

If Satan hath not bade him trust his wit,

And leave to fools the God opposing it;

Him ask if plain the voice has not been heard,
To scout the falsehood of Messiah's word;
Him ask if when descending from his pride,
To kiss the *cross* on which our Saviour died,
He has not heard derisive laughter's peal,
As bent with sorrow he approach'd to kneel;
And then oh, then, how hard to be that child,
When wisdom false in scornful passion smil'd;
That "little child" receiving through its faith,
Instruction sweet that teacheth life is death!
How hard the struggle and how fierce the doubts,
How mark'd the sneers, and oh! how loud the scouts,
From Satan's ranks that truthful mind assail'd,
To thwart its peace to wreck it in the gale;
And when it wav'ring turns from th' Holy Cross,
How Satan gloats to know a soul is lost;

How his proud heart fierce eye and gnashing teeth,
In consort move this captive one to greet;
For he 's a scholar; Satan loves to win,
From Christ the gifted to the throne of sin;
The fool and wise man are alike his prey —
Alike with cunning does he these waylay! —
As they uplift 'bove nature's primal cause,
Their God proclaim'd "supremest nature's laws!"
With daring will denying Heaven's right,
A virgin's womb to burden with a knight,
From stain exempt of Adam's early fall,
Which sin hath entered in the life of all:
A knight whose mission 't was to point the way,
Where truth eternal sports in glorious day;
A knight whose sword was love whose word was peace,
Whose spotless life was famed through Asia, Greece;

Who claimed from God to be with whom he was,
Ere this fair world had felt its being's cause.

Oh, daring science! hast thou wandered there,
To bring us back the tidings of despair;
Oh, learning! wilt thou still presume to scan,
With reason's eye the infinite of man!
Wilt say that nature is and more is not;
That *Sacred Writ* is poem of meanest plot;
Wilt turn from humble faith to proud disdain,
Of all that 's offered in the Christian name;
Wilt fondle Satan turn to shades below,
Where darkness mantles most terrific woe;
Content forever from thy God to be,
Estrang'd on angry, darksome, shoreless sea?

Ah, break, oh, break enchanting Satan's hold,
And back return where milder billows roll;
Press on press on defy the furious fiends,
Who course the ether like the dashing winds;
Them bid avaunt! and by the ark of God,
Defy their strength and take thy just reward.
How dark oh, Satan! is thy subtle soul,
Ensnaring worth, the youthful and the old!
Alike deceiving all who 've not the force,
To hurl thee backward from sweet virtue's course;
With smiles beguiling th' gentle maiden's heart,
While pierc'd a father with thy poisoned dart,
A son o'ercome, a mother's brain unhing'd,
That thou mayst gather what thou knowst to win.
In this bless'd land by genius first unveil'd,
That lofty spirit danger ne'er could quail;

Whose precient eye by God's dear angel op'd,
Beheld o'er th' wave what genius dar'd to hope;
And boldly driving through the heaving main,
By dogged courage won a deathless fame—
Oh Satan! here thy dreaded will 's supreme,
Thy venom'd spirit no deceptive dream.
How didst thou pilfer e'en as basest thief,
The hard-earn'd honors of that noble chief!
Who went from court to court to beg the aid,
So oft denied — triumphantly repaid!
The brave the true will never cease to bind,
Columbus' brow with honors half divine;
And yet oh, yet, will this fair land anew,
Be christen'd justly as in honor due!
No page in hist'ry bears so mark'd a shame,
As that which falsifies Vespucci's name;

And gives to him Columbus' sacred right,
To name a country he had snatch'd from night.
Posterity should not a knave sustain,
But justice honor and sweet truth proclaim;
Satan should not this infamy prolong,
But truth should tear the shameless falsehood down;
The arch-fiend hiss and fell him to the dust,
Who lives and prospers on sad human lust:
Our country cradled in the basest lie,
Must yield its honor, or, this wrong deny.

As thro' the vistas of the sad'ning past,
Our pensive mind with earnest eye is cast —
The sombre tho' splendid vision shakes our soul,
In fear to th' earth our trembling senses roll.

We trace life's stream from Eden's golden spring,
And with its course our flight excursive wing;
We think of man when with his God he walk'd,
Who bade him love the lessons He had taught;
Who bade him taste not of that gorgeous fruit,
Or sink to level of the meanest brute;
But taste he would when fierce the bolt of sin,
His soul assail'd, while broad Satanic grin.
He fell — damnation swept the weeping earth,
At Stygian Pluto's dark tartarian birth;
The angels' swords were drawn against his hordes,
Of foul delinquents in rebellion's cause;
The cry was war! for peace was foully stabb'd,
And nature blasted by a tumult sad.
The powers o' hell in serried ranks array'd,
With hate possess'd 'gainst sweetest love essay'd;

And casting th' scabbard in the bloody dust,
With frightful oath accept the awful curse;
Jehovah jeer'd for gift so fair as man,
To people hell and strengthen its command.

Oh, thus was poison'd early life's pure spring,
And thus assail'd was virtue's holy dream;
So doth the mind o'erwhelm'd by Satan's force,
With trembling steps pursue its craggy course,
In fear at each progression of a fall,
To that deep vale from which there's no recall!
'T is sad 't is pitiful to know how weak,
Is human reason to the truth it seeks;
To know how vain how fruitless is the task,
Of curbing error now as in the past!

We gaze with rapture not unmix'd with pain,
At man's resistance to dark falsehood's reign;
And when exhausted by most careful ken,
Of cent'ries filled with hardy valliant men,
For virtue earnest and the rights of man,
We thrill with joy at sight of this new land!
For here, oh, here the true and noble mind,
May empire found which force and love combine;
And here the weak may find an honor'd home,
Where thrones and monarchs are ignor'd, unknown.
From Asia and from Afric's classic shore,
From Europe, India, the down-ridden poor,
Into the track the brave Columbus trod,
Led on by th' mandate of eternal God.
They come high mettled boldly scorning death,
In search of freedom and of tempting wealth;

They dash at Savage, fell his noble trees,
That years unnumber'd dallied in the breeze;
They seize his lands debauch his dusky fair,
Defy his wrath and fill with hate the air!
The haughty Savage to Manito turns,
While his swarthy cheek with wild passion burns;
An oath of vengeance rends the rolling sky,
The strangers' blood shall seal his perfidy.
Thus was begun upon these verdant plains,
The hated deeds which note that Satan reigns:
Ah, here! in this fair country of the West,
Was truth scar'd early at crime's stern behest.
Whilst man did seek a shelter from the law,
Which despots fram'd to crush defenseless poor,
He 'd not the virtue to protect a race,
Whose land he enter'd as brave honor'd guest.

Oh man, oh man! what what hast thou to boast,
When hist'ry's page thy reckless temper notes —
Thy shame declares thy wayward restless zeal,
And all thy passions crafty doth reveal.
Go hide thy head and doff thy lofty mien;
Put sack-cloth on, in ashes be thou seen;
Since in the annals sombre of hoary time,
Thy name 's debas'd by every fiendish crime;
The student staggers as he wadeth through,
And shrinks appall'd before so foul a view!
The sword, the spear, the dagger, and the dirk,
Have done with vigor their inhuman work;
The axe, the gibbet, poison, and the stake,
The rack, hot oil, the flay, and crushing brake;
Have all been witness that the human heart,
When wrapp'd in error plays a brutal part.[1]

Oh ! may that error be o'ercome by truth,

And man in goodness have eternal youth !

All age is but th' slow passage through the mind,

Of vicious thoughts to vicious deeds inclined ;

But purge our nature of its fiendish pride,

Then peace and plenty with our world will 'bide.

Oh, may the sorrows which attend life's hour,

By just allotments lose their deadly pow'r ;

May men as brothers travel to the grave,

Sincere in friendships as in deeds most brave ;

Then shall the earth assume its early song,

And ceaseless music lighten life along ;

Then labor, cap'tal, shall unite in God,

And honest workmen get their due reward.

O, golden age ! haste haste thy sweet return,

Each manly bosom for thy advent burn :

The days those were when man to man was true,
And native goodness bore its native hue;
The days those were when nature fresh and fair,
Bedeck'd her brows with maiden's winning air;
When kindness sparkl'd in the mountain stream,
In Cynthia's bright and soft and silv'ry beam,
And beasts and birds and ev'ry creeping thing,
Did wear the smile of sweet perennial spring:
Few tears or sighs broke on the gleeful air,
But all was softest melody and fair.
It was the golden age and O! once more,
Would we this age with golden virtues store.

Our much-lov'd country! may thy prosp'rous shore,
Be unpollut'd by fratricidal gore;

May Heav'n thy free and fearless soul defend,
And ever keep thee honor's steadfast friend.
As we with sober care scan time's advance,
We think 't is thine at kings to hurl the lance;
To bear them bleeding from their hated thrones,
And shake all rule to its foundation stones;
Which wealth assigns a too exclusive pow'r,
And bends the soul to want's exacting hour.
Perdition catch those miscreants who parade,
Their bloated bodies in these nations' aid;
Whose airs are loaded with the mournful sighs,
From wither'd lips and grief-encumber'd eyes!
Perdition catch the tricksters keen of law,
Whose foul existence pois'nous substance pour,
In each fair channel which thro' human toil,
Flows on life-giving to both man and soil;

With fruits enrich'd the monied knave alone,
With care possesses to engorge "his own."
Shame, shame! oh, thrice repeated shame! to grasp,
Earth's common bounties for the *human ass.*
Can empires drunken with injustice stand,
Where right is might and brutified is man!
Can empires putrid with infernal woe,
Escape the lightnings of oppression's foe—
Those fearful bolts from freedom's fir'ry womb,
Which in this land sprang up as from the tomb?
Can empires live thus stain'd with human hate,
And hell's apostles e'er be deemed great?
No, never! if the massive work shall stand,
Which consecrates, protects, adorns our land;
If wisdom wrapp'd in time's augustest robes,
Can dare the presence of its wily foes;

Can dare the howling of a wrathful mob,
Upheld by shameless crafty demagogue —
And that it can, aye, dare them to the teeth,
Our hopes, our love, our manhood truly teach.
Believe we *will* despite the fearful chance,
That uncurb'd passions may our nation launch,
Unto that ocean o' horrid broil and blood,
Whose loathsome waters human kindness flood, —
Believe we will the love of God and man,
Will keep the deck and hold a brave command.
O, perish, perish, those black fiendish hearts,
Who'd blot from life this gorgeous type of arts, —
'T is not misnam'd — our Constitution points,
The skillful artist throughout all its joints —
And science! where and when has she prevail'd,
The queenly mistress of so fierce a gale,

As swept that hall where mighty souls confer'd,
To cherish freedom through the written word;
Where when has science ere more proudly fac'd,
The gravest questions with such noble grace?
And where on hist'ry's page are laurels won,
So fresh and fair as those of Washington?
Awhile we pause to gaze upon this man,
Who drew his sword and boldly took command;
Resolved to *save* his country from her foes,
Or go unconquer'd to the grave's repose;
From tyrants free who 'd bind with fearful chains,
The dashing freemen of these new domains.
All shoeless shirtless starv'd and weary worn,
He led with valor his small army on;
His form erect his eye as calm as night,
When summer's softness blends with autumn light;

His soldiers' cheeks were wan and discontent,
Their mut'rings low in seething passions vent;
Their cry for bread, their hard-earn'd tardy pay,
Each sun returning made a sadden'd day;
Yet Washington inspired with firmest trust,
His soldiers cheer'd who bit in grief the dust;
His soul ennerv'd with more than human zest,
The winter's cold and Britain's beast to breast;
His spirit fearless was not born to fail;
His brow imperial ne'er was known to quail;
In God his trust and his own genius grand;
With ragged army dauntless was his stand;
The foe defied and challeng'd to advance;
His men were freemen, he unaw'd by chance!
No country claims no history relates,
Defence more stubborn than our gallant states;

And he the chieftain of that hardy work,
Endur'd its labors all unscar'd unhurt;
Reliev'd the land of those imbruted lords,
Whom Yorktown finish'd if not Valley Forge;
Receiv'd from th' nation on its bended knee,
The grateful homage of a people free.
Of pride uncumber'd they like dirty curs,
Escap'd our shores with damaged coat and spurs;
To note unto their gracious boastful king,
"Those Yankees, sire, are sure in war to win;
They fight unfed, and ne'er are known to sleep,
They shoot with care and with a frightful sweep;
They look like devils and they live like dogs,
And ape the spirit of fierce demi-gods!
The wretch who leads them spurning thy great throne,
Would found a kingdom govern'd as his own;

Defies thy laws contemns thy hallow'd right,

On treason feasts with soundest appetite.

We thought this man to vanquish and his host,

To heav'n's four winds but dream'd not of the cost;

To conquer, secure with firmness in the yoke,

These semi-brutes thy nation's purse had broke;

They will be free and with the tiger's growl,

They sleep on arms and kiss the death-damp ground;

The wintry blast, the blinding flaky snow,

Their brutal tempers cannot turn or bow;

They stand amid the fears of their dear hopes,

Like marble pillars on the Grecian coast;

Slow circling ages have not yet thrown down,

But left as relics of fair Greece's renown;

Where blind old Homer gently seized the gods,

And rob'd in splendor their immortal cause;

To sweet religion gave its earliest song,
Impearl'd in thought — imagination!"

As bending o'er the flow'ry streams of time,
We muse in wonder at Homeric rhyme,
That flows so softly o'er its mythic bed,
Our heart in sadness weeps that Greece is dead!
Fair Greece, "where burning Sappho lov'd and sung,"
And man in art the noblest trophies won;
Where truest genius triumphed in its work,
And fame achiev'd enduring as the earth!
Hellas! on thy dear breast we lay our head,
And moan with thee so much of grandeur fled;
To thee our panting bosom closely press,
To new life warm'd by thy endear'd caress;

At thy rich founts we 've drank the sparkling stream,
And wildly revel'd in pure fancy's dream;
By thy grand genius sway'd we 've oft become,
By self forgot and mingled with that sun,
Of gorgeous thought that roll'd thro' darken'd space,
To light its gloom and error's past efface:
Yet as we ponder o'er thy page sublime,
The tear will flow the heart a sadness find;
Since tainted was thy splendid classic lore,
By that false pride which shun'd the virtuous poor,
And left to cheerless misery and death,
Souls warm'd to being by Jehovah's breath.
Socratic teaching just could not inspire,
In pagan heart pure virtue's sweet desire;
Not till the world with Plato's dream was fill'd,
Did pagan breast with holy spirit thrill;

He sage august! the promis'd word foresaw,
And spoke of Christ e'er yet Christ's word was law;
In the deep centres of his mighty soul,
Where crystal thoughts in silver streamlets roll,
He caught from heav'n the future's footfall light,
Clear day beheld from out the murky night;
With unveil'd eye he look'd on Jesus' reign,
Whose spirit pure swept mountain and the plain;
Who gave to man th' assurance from his God,
That *death* was *life* and *pain* but *chast'ning rod.*
He spake as never man had spoke before,
And tho' unlearn'd abash'd the deep in lore;
Fulfilled his mission with deific trust,
And laid his soul unperjured in the dust;
Proclaim'd himself to be 'fore Abr'am was,
And stamp'd with Heaven his heroic cause;

Ascended to the Father whence he came;

Left *life* and *peace* eternal with his name.[1]

Oh, blessed Jesus! they whose doubting mind,

Reject thy word to other teachings find,

Lost in the mazes of unbridled thought,

With reason shatter'd and by demons taught,

Long time in chaos hopeless fight with *Hell*,

Till back to thee by prayer they come to dwell.

And sweet! oh sweet! that long relinquish'd peace,

Which now sustains them sorrow's depths decrease.

Hard by thy *cross* their humbled senses 'bide,

With it they pass contented o'er life's tide;

Whose shores deceptive gather on their slopes,

The noblest hearts despoil'd their fondest hopes;

In darkness wrestling with their being's hate,

Of weary life the sport of captious fate:

Would they with us could see beyond this vale,
Where youth and age in common accent wail,
Ambition's fall or love's delusive dream,
They 'd take with us sweet faith's unrippled stream,
And bearing calmly th' burden of the cross,
Defy those passions that them once did toss ;
Which chartless souls all trembling driveth on,
To maniac wildness or an idiot's tomb !
Great God ! vouchsafe this holy faith to all,
Without which guide the loftiest talents fall ;
Genius that seemeth the nearest to thee,
By faith unhumbled ne'er from pain is free ;
But when inspired by th' Son's most holy word,
Its work doth prosper, *that from crime deters.*
Oh, Father ! grant through this our native land,
That Christ may permeate the heart of man ;

That minds defiant leading souls astray,

By mad philosophy's uncertain ray;

The chambers crowding of their restless thought,

With doctrines false from each dark lib'ry brought,—

Oh, grant that these men mad of varied lore,

May not abuse this fairest virgin shore;

May ply their talents and their time to save,

What thou in mercy t' thy crush'd people gave:

O, grant that th' school, the college, and the priest,

In wisdom's search may not thro' *books* decease;

O, grant that reason may assert its sway,

To roll majestic each dark cloud away;

That rises to obscure our country's fame,

And blot with death her yet untarnish'd name!

So we shall onward like a war-steed tramp,

With Roman valor 'gainst foul error's camp!

To arms inviting this most vaunting host,
To fell them earthward scornful of their boast.
In *union* and in *love* the chance is ours,
To give the law to earth's despotic pow'rs;
In union and in love the mission high,
To *do* with glory, or in honor die!
Oh, Father! once again we humbly plead,
That thou mayst guide us to a noble meed;
And as Empire's fair star in th' golden west,
Has stayed its course since man the globe invest;
With favor crown e'en in eternal fee,
Columbus gift to bondmen and the free;
This land so fair make as Eden's plain,
The home of virtue ere temptation came.
O here let Pilgrims in the search of right,
Of footstep cautious find perpetual light;

From ev'ry quarter of the pendant globe,

Let honor come to make its fix'd abode.

As th' *Moslem* pass'd to Mecca's holy shrine,

To purge his conscience thro' "Mah'met divine;"

Or, as the Christians in that middle age,

By th' hermit rallied dared the bold crusade;

When knight and lady to each other true,

The earth enfill'd with valor's hardiest crew;

Whose manhood springing from so sound a seed,

Gave man those sinews which mankind has freed!

Redeem'd with stalwart hand and valiant sword,

From *villain* bonds these chattels of the lord;

Who claimed as masters the redundant soil,

The poor and needy of their freedom spoil'd;

As fruits the first their daughters took to bed,

And stole the treasure of their maidenhead:

Whilst thus deflower'd they were thrust aside,
To dwell with those who sought them as their brides:
Oh, damned custom! oh, infernal brutes!
Who walk as man but with a satyr's looks;
Oh, recreant priests! who gaz'd upon this act,
And sanction'd freely such a crime as that!
Man *man*, oh, what is thy "brave godlike soul,"
When thus besotted thus without control;
Thy boasted *virtue* as innate with life,
Since priestly guides are feeble in the strife;
And fall delinquent like the sapless leaves,
When stirr'd by th' vigor of Autumnal breeze, —
Virtue innate! oh, speak ye martyr'd dead,
Who hath by scores the fires of vengeance fed!
Oh say if man hath any right to claim,
So fair a title for his brutal name;

Oh say if th' noblest genius earth hath known,
Hath not disgraced all senates as the throne:
Behold great Julius pass the Rubicon,
To stab the freedom of indignant Rome;
The avenger mark who boldly struck him down;
See Antony the pleaséd rabble turn;
From Brutus' cause to take the fi'ry field;
And bare their bosoms to the glitt'ring steel.
Al'xander see with th' world depress'd in chains,
As dog decease in midst his vast domains,
Ere yet the verdure of his conqu'ring youth,
Had lost its freshness tho' debauched its truth.
Behold the wisdom of the Grecian schools,
Which Athens proud with iron sceptre rules,
Decree the poison for the greatest sage,
Whose life embrilliants Hist'ry's darksome page!

With Gibbon tread thro' that immortal vale,
Of rending sorrows falling Rome o'ercame ;
Dissect with him those sceptred monsters drunk,
With human blood in gross pollution sunk ;
Constantine note ; observe the subtle art,
With which he won to Christ the pagan heart :
From policy alone he took the cross,
And bade to follow his most heathen host :
So thus was foul'd the highest word of God,
Which led the way to Pope's unhallow'd rod ;
With which was scourg'd throughout a fearful night,
The human race without regard to right ;
Whilst th' priests immur'd within the cloister's walls,
Securely walk'd these sombre scholastic halls ;
Beneath the ægis of the vicar rogue,
Who Rome allotted his august abode.

Oh, justice! where where shall we turn for thee,
When thou art 'prison'd by "most Holy See,"
When man with impious boldness dares presume,
To speak as God and claim despotic rule.

As through that age the student's eye is cast,
How happy he that 't is the *iron past!*
But yet the fear is wakeful that again,
May backward roll the dearest hopes of men;
With anxious mind we quake at such mischance,
But trust in God to keep us in advance.
Oh innate virtue! where wast thou when died,
Charl'magne the great whose sons his land divide;
Say where wast then — oh, where thy power,
To guard those labors of the Conqueror?

How fell to fragments that great Western band,
Of nations gather'd 'neath a master hand!
And pav'd the way for *Carpet* to secure,
Ambition's wish as *France to life he bore.*
Yet in his line oh what of truth appears,
How rare the smile how constant flow the tears!
Where where is innate virtue? not in France,
With all its chivalry and gay gallants.
Louis — Napoleon — they had it not,
Though great their genius grand their kingly lot.
Napoleon! sweet hours we 've liv'd to thee,
In wonder wrapp'd at thy august degree;
As o'er thy pathway we enraptur'd walk,
To thy mark'd deeds do turn our earnest thought;
Their form colossal more than fills the eye,
Amazement moves us; thee would deify:

Thy works herculean intimate a force,
In human strength that is not — 't is the course,
Of super-mundane forces that control,
And guides the wakeful ever-soaring soul:
Thy *love* was France! and if ambition sway'd
Thy policy, drew genius to thy aid,
With which to bend to thy majestic throne,
A Europe rotten to its carious bone, —
'T was well — we 'pplaud the stout and valliant arm,
That smote its foes triumphant in command!
All Europe moved with fiendish hate of thee,
Thy ire provoked which brought her to thy knee;
She mock'd thee daily, call'd thee parvenu,
Thy talents ridiculed in her reviews;
Thee goaded on to drench her plains in blood;
Her awe-struck people with thy armies flood:

They as a mighty car of lurid flame,
Her fields cours'd thro' and smote her waving grain;
Her bosom charr'd where nestled tender hopes,
And sing'd her kings, seal'd their boisterous throats;
Hurled from their seats of loud complaining trust;
The titled minions of dear *noblesse* dust;
Of coxcomb manners perch'd in places high,
Napoleon mark'd them with his eagle eye:
Which as the sun sent forth its dazzling beams,
O'er mountains, lakes, the verdant plains, and streams;
Encourag'd *merit* as it scorn'd *pretense*,
His conquests signalized with brilliant sense.
Oh, mighty man! what weighty cares were thine,
Before which fell thy noble *Josephine*;—
She the sweet partner of thy regal bed,
To "dear France" yields the rights with thee she wed;

Like Niobe all tears she leaves thy valliant arms,
That thou mayst gain proud Austria's princess' charms:
But tho' this act has been with *vileness* named,
The mind that knows thee loves thee still the same:
It was to *France*, thy dearest France alone,
Thou gav'st thy wife as needed to its throne!
Thy country was thy trust; her womb oppos'd; —
In duty thou 'bove love connubial rose;
Without an heir an empire was thy gift!
Thou wouldst retain it of thine arm bereft;
Thy genius grand its splendor had achieved;
So should thy loins be faithful to thy deed:
It was *thy* view of what for France was best,
Ambition sway'd and glory fired thy breast!
Sweet Josephine thou never lov'd so well,
As when for *France* that noble woman fell:

If in thine eye a tear was known to rest,
'T was when she left thy sad impassion'd breast;
'T was when she heart-pierc'd like a stricken deer,
To Malmaison repair'd with trickling tear:
'T was then thou sought her with thy early love,
To soothe her grief thy ardent passion prove:
Still would'st thou twine around her gentle soul,
Which clasp'd thee fondly when thou lost thy throne:
Thy faults were few, thy virtues how sublime!
Thy name great man the noblest one of time:
Alexander, Cæsar, and Charlemagne,
On hist'ry's page in jewell'd splendor stand;
Yet in their genius tho' combin'd the three,
Napoleon they do not equal thee!
Thine was a soul which flash'd incessant heat;
With equal power all occasions meet;

The elements fierce leagu'd with treach'rous man,
Alone could wrest the rule from out thy hand;
These and foul Britain faithless to its trust,
Conspired to lay thee in its island dust;
Enchain'd t' a rock where each resounding wave,
But mark'd thy progress to the welcom'd grave:
Bemoan'd thy death sublime — thy faded hopes,
And hush'd its ocean as went forth thy ghost,
From out the bondage of material form,
To course thro' space and ride the reinless storm.
Oh, shameless nation! may God's lightning dash,
To fragments thee — thou most gigantic trash!
May Isle and people from the earth be swept,
For that injustice myriad hearts have wept;
For that base usage which a valiant guest,
Receiv'd from those to whom he bared his breast.

Napoleon! 't is just thy bones have pass'd,
From Hel'na to the bosom of thy France;
That France for which thou thought and toil'd so well,
To whom thy word was *law*, thy name a spell!
When dark our mind with life's too constant cloud,
We think of thee by no misfortune bowed;
Whom sad defeat ne'er coward'd or o'ercame,
Nor fear could shake thy proud heroic frame;
But with unflinching eye thy hated foe,
Defiant faced nor murmur'd oft thy woe:
Years years shall roll with silent pace away,
Ere such a genius shall again have sway!
The pilgrim, sad, must by thy ashes stand,
That this is *thee*, thou once stupendous man!
Virtue, innate! if found we 'll find it here,
Yet what in him doth innate truth appear?

Ne'er was the human form more like a god,

Besotted Europe trembled at his nod.[1]

Our country! 'tis to thee our muse doth sing,

For thee she plumes her yet reluctant wing;

And if discursive she strange notes acclaim,

Forgive the license and withhold the blame:

To cannonade thy faults she has essay'd,

E'en as thy virtues she delights to praise:

Here on thy shores are gather'd every race,

To thee alike an honor and disgrace!

From em'rald Erin comes the hardy Celt;

He 's call'd Sir *Pat* and makes his presence felt;

From England, Scotland, and gay *La belle France*,

In smiling swarms they rush unheeding chance:

From Germ'ny, Russia, and from Egypt's strand,
They come most hopeful to this favor'd land:
Far as the mind can reach the billows roll,
They come they come to find with us a home:
We bid them welcome since to us was giv'n,
So rich a heritage from gen'rous Heav'n,
To parcel out among the world's oppress'd,
Who seek a shelter in our ample breast!
Then let them come but stay their sacred vote,
While yet they know not of its full import;
Instruct them *well* in freedom's noble school,
Ere they essay the nation's hardy rule:
Them make to know the genius of our laws;
Enfranchise not till *true* to patriot's cause;
Them teach the spirit of that noble page,
Where freedom's triumphs deeply are engrav'd,

By hands of steel and hearts of purest love,

Inspir'd with virtue from the throne above!

A noble work — all *time's concentred beams,*

Of wisdom flash'd from passion's wild extremes!

Let it be guarded by Briarian host,

To draw earth's crush'd ones to our smiling coast;

That runs from North to South from South to North,

Each clime embracing in its sweeping course!

The darken'd forests of sombre northern Maine,

The fruits and flowers o' Carolina's plain;

The virgin gold of El-Dorado's soil,

The grain of Oregon — the whale, its oil, —

Thy Stars and Stripes o'er ev'ry int'rest waves,

On ev'ry sea the world's advent'rers brave;

What man can do, has done, or, may achieve,

Beneath thy folds that genius is conceived!

As through the lists of great and honored names,
Which this our land with right acknowledged claims,
None with a splendor, so enrich'd by thought,
So full in science, so exactly taught,
Our eye transpierces with its regal light,
As that of Ev'rett th' scholar and the knight —
The noble statesman, orator sublime!
No tongue excells him on the page of time:
With Cicero is twined his genius grand,
Whose silvery accents move the heart of man:
We oft have hung upon thy mellow breath,
As it hath woke a Webster's soul from death;
As it hath wrought in bright enduring gold,
The graceful Choate's imperial hardy soul;
As it hath stir'd the circumambient air,
With words of wisdom and with truth most fair;

Thy spirit then commingling with our own,
We felt how needless to thy fame — a throne!
We felt how futile is all human praise,
To raise thy stature, make more green thy bays;
Yet, if the nation drawn in love to thee,
Proclaim thee Chief of spirits bold and free,
Well would the honor fair become thy brow, —
Admiring nations low to thee would bow!
But if, perchance, thy brilliant life shall end,
And thou shalt not to this high prize *descend*,
Thy country reckless of its dearest trust,
Will bend repentant o'er thy sacred dust;
And when too late to justice mete to thee,
Will weep its shame, its reckless perfidy!
For who throughout our country's wide domain,
Doth bear a purer, nobler, sweeter name;

Who merits more the love of this fair land,
Than he whose genius should its votes command?
Than he whose wisdom as the star-throned sky,
Attracts and charms each upward bending eye.
Whilst little men by littler men are placed,
In honored trusts they fail not to disgrace;
Whilst meals full three per day and liquor too,
The State allows as politicians' due;
Maintains "his crowd" and wipes their weeping eyes;
Whom those unfriendly to their ease, despise;
Whilst loutish ign'rance makes its ready way,
Where learning cautious treads tho' fair the day;
Whilst bribes are offered and with freedom ta'en,
"To put through bills," however black with shame;
Whilst men uprising from the sloughs of crime,
With statesmen dally and with virtue dine;

Whilst falsehood roves with dagger in its hand,

To strike at honor, drive it from the land;

Whilst God's appointed to proclaim his word,

Neglect their trust and are impatient heard;

Enlisting boldly and with painful zeal,

In politician's and the trader's field;

Whilst Commerce is but most agreeable cheat,

And e'en philosophy is tamely weak;

Whilst much of learning is of worthless force,

And meatless student steers a devious course;

Whilst mothers bid their sons be reckless men,

Whilst yet their pap 's unspooned, their age not ten;

Whilst maidens smile on such as gently sigh,

Who swear " without them they shall surely die;"

Whilst slip-shod genius on shrewd talent waits,

Of fame's rich temple seized — her massive gates;

Ne'er strange it is that deep and brilliant wit,
Oft fails of justice, as may *Everett.*
O, gorgeous genius! not a fulsome praise,
Would we accord thy grandly-passing days;
Not faultless would we name thy life or mind,
Thou art a man! *his passions all are thine:*
Yet we for thee twine the civic wreath,
And sweetest music 'tribute to thy breath:
No brain enchants us with a purer wit;
No face with honor is more brightly lit;
On hist'ry-leaf thou wilt most fair be found,
Enfolded in the niche of Washington!
Thy ardent work to wrest from loss his tomb,
Alone might earn thee this exalted boon;
And when in after ages men shall read,
Of these our times so much of truth in need,

Not in the annals of the hoary world,
Shall *two such names* sweet Concord's arms enfold!
E'en as dear lovers hushed in dreamless sleep,
Shall future scholars with thy mem'ry meet;
And pressing gently thy immortal brows,
To Heaven breathe a patriot's earnest vows.[1]

Liberty! fair goddess o' the human heart,
How sad and harrowing thy tragic part;
With action played oppressive to the mind,
By fear enwrapp'd to cautious step inclin'd;
How bit the dust, how dared the brutal throne;
Its caitiff pride to Phlegethon hath borne!
In chains at times; at times in vengeful wrath,
Uprising fiercely on the tyrant's path;

Sad death decreeing to all those who hate,
"The doctrine vile of democratic state;"
Uprooting kingdoms with thy fearful hand,
Dread dearth invoking where once bloom'd the land;
Thy foes pursuing with th' assassin's knife;
Like rain outpouring th' precious boon of life:
How stooped e'en lower than the harshest rule,
To gain thy ends and thine own self befool;
How butcher'd e'en the purest of this earth,
To slake thy passions and commend thy birth;
How whined and whimpered in thy captive state,
By stern kings mocked who bore thee haughty hate;
Oh, liberty! with all thy priceless worth,
Thou yet dost lack an earnest love of truth:
E'en thou as despot and his titled slaves,
Protect, aye, pamper, most convenient knaves:

So that, impartial as we view mankind,

Corrupted rule appears on either hand;[1]

Alike the freeman as the haughty king,

To human hearts do keenest sorrow bring;

Yet nations all are panting to be free,

There is no love so dear as liberty!

If kings are tyrants so are freemen too;

Both dupes and despots in the thinker's view;

Of reason false and to high honor dead,

They seek the wreath for their aspiring head;

They smile and growl with equal gusto grand,

As rule escapes, or, lingers yet in hand;

They are the wretches who beneath a king,

Would bear the offal to his stately bin;

Him keep inform'd of his dear subjects' health,

Their secret thoughts and what they do by stealth;

They are the minions vile who arm'd with dirks,
Would plant them 'neath their dear companions shirts;
Of king to gain one fond approving smile,
Be near the throne to tend his nod the while;
So thus they with "our sovereign" people strive,
By blackest arts the country to divide;
By cunning mildness and by "softest cheek,"
Enrich'd perhaps by slightest tinge of Greek:
These active rascals prouder than a king,
The posts of honor and affection win;
And while of liberty they wildly shout,
Despise the freeman as they ask his vote.
Sweet liberty! thou art indeed to man,
A cause to bless him, or, to deeply damn;
There is no middle point for thee to rest,
Great joy is thine, or, terrible distress!

Here, oh, here, to this grand western world,
Thro' ages thou and nation's dust art hurl'd;
Thy reckless spirit and advent'rous step,
With tears and blood thy pathways all have wet:
And man despoil'd of dearest hopes in thee,
Has cursed thy advent and democracy!
Not fate be it of this our native land,
To weep thy visit to her wave-worn strand;
Not fate be it of her too restless mind,
In passion's gulf eternal death to find!
But let forbearance pois'd on virtue's wing,
Like cherub sit by some clear holy spring;
Where angels passing to and fro from earth,
Their light limbs cool and slake their airy thirst.
We must forbear! few people yet have been,
Whose freedom rested on a base so thin, —

The virtue of the masses, conscience true!
Of ev'ry soul with much or naught to do —
Alike the fatling and the lean-rib'd man,
Who hews the wood, brings water at command, —
We must forbear! each section with the West,
Must passion tear from virtue's gentle breast;
The negro-phobia beetling our peace,
Should cause our strifes and petty hates to cease;
The South should yield to spirit of the age,
Nor claim for slav'ry further patronage:
The law organic ought not to be broke,
In its safe keeping lies our fondest hope!
The Constitution was not form'd to nurse,
This Southern viper, this Sarsaric curse![1]
If this be true, (and all men must agree,
The genius of our laws is liberty!)

How dare the South to make of th' North demand,
To roll dread slav'ry further o'er the land;
Is 't thought we fear, and are of reason weak,
Will favor deeds our tongues would blast to speak;
Is 't deemed that men whose thinking souls deplore,
That basest chains were brought to freedom's shore;
Will foul their names by voting to extend,
An institution shackling dark-skin'd men:
Is 't thought the North from fear will bow its head,
Obedient to the haughty Southron's tread?
Ah no! the right, the right, will nerve her men,
To duty's path tho' chaos come again!
For tho' we know not every slave is kick'd,
But kindest treatment many thousands get;
And tho' we know the Southern heart is warm,
That many slaves as children do become;

Yet tho' each black was treated as a *son*,
Still would we say, "Slav'ry thou art wrong;"
The law that chains the sacred form of man,
Is false to God, to nature, and command!
There is no tenure by which a being,
In God's own image may be call'd a thing!
There is no tenure which the human will,
With fairness holds a dumb and senseless chatt'l!
Yet, tho' we know unjust to be the chain,
Which goads the blackman of our Southern plain,
We still would bear the gen'rous South a heart,
As true as steel, above a caitiff's part;
We still would say, "Brother, thy load is great,
Us give to bear a portion of thy fate;
But add not to instead of lightening weight,
Else, sir, we 'll leave thee to thy *darksome* state;

We 'll harder work to circumvent thy will,
To break it down and freedom's hope fulfill.
Ye shall not in the face of outrag'd heav'n,
For falsehood steal what to dear truth was giv'n;
Ye shall not make of us th' accursed tool,
To build up States where foulest slav'ry rules:
No, no; the North of virtue claims no more,
Than is within thy green and flow'ry shore;
Yet hates the lash and will defend her faith,
That "Slav'ry's spread is speedy civil death."[1]

Altho' on Southern soil we first drew breath,
There first essay'd to win the prize of wealth;
There form'd our earliest friendships, there attain'd
To know ambition to be false and vain,

Yet do we say, with all our Southern love,
The Southern temper we cannot approve,
On this the foremost question of the day,
"Shall slav'ry triumph, or, shall freedom sway?"
It is the course of nature that the right,
The wrong will hurl into Cimmerian night;
And Southern genius should accept the law,
With gentle mind tho' slav'ry's reign be o'er:
'T is better far to act the part of sage,
Than smite a nation with the hand of rage;
'T is better far to yield with noble air,
Than bid defiance to what 's just and fair;
If slav'ry 's doom'd by truth's imperial sweep,
Why foam with wrath, or, why in sorrow weep;
'T is God's appointment! no brave South can stay
His will — obtain o'er dashing nature sway!

It is "to kick against the pricks" to dare,
Oppose Jehovah — his decrees impair!
Let then the South no longer chafe with ire,
"Keep dry its powder and withhold its fire;"
To th' North, the East, the West, be kindly true,
And pass on hist'ry's page in grand review.
We are in *Union* to the world — a fear!
The bond but break and pity drops a tear;
The king exults, while th' masses in despair,
Their sad breasts beat and curse the troubl'd air;
Deny th' existence of all right and God,
And madly plunge beneath the teeming sod;
Of life enwearied, turn to that sweet rest,
Where man no more can their proud souls oppress;
Within the earth-damp whence they moaning came,
Alike unheeded is one's praise, or, blame.

O, Death! what joy to those who toil in tears,
To whom this world a cheerless scene appears;
Who think and think until the mind is fill'd,
With dread reality of humán ill!
Who see the little that there is of good,
Sly rogues well fill'd, while virtue beggeth food;
The Church where Satan sits and mocks at God,
Where bloated *Dives* on want's neck hath trod;
Where priest and people filthy in their pride,
But mouth the doctrines by their act denied.
And these are Christians! ah, if rightly nam'd,
Th' "Rapacious harpies!" would all men exclaim;
Those dogs of *Jupiter* who lov'd the storm,
With woman's face to vulture's body form'd;
They ravaged earth and peopl'd hell with souls,
Æneas plundered and his fate foretold.

It is a sad and fearful sight to see,

A congregation bending to the knee,

In worship of the great and glorious God,

Whose word unheeded 'neath their heel is trod.

It is a sad and fearful fact to know,

Your Christian friend is oft your basest foe;

It is a sad and fearful thing to be,

By th' wand assail'd of Ætean *Circe:*

And sadder yet by far it is to feel,

How false are all revolving on life's wheel!

Then do we sigh, indeed, and bow'd with shame,

Inquire what 's man, that he should covet fame;

And what is fame but labor often lost,

"A game not worth the candle it doth cost."

If thro' this life we can retain our truth,

And cherish somewhat of the green of youth,

We should contented be and meet the grave,
With smiles not fears, as fits the humble brave.
What boots it when on earth's broad breast we lie,
If trade engag'd us, or, advancement high?
Who cares for man when unto dust return'd,
Tho' his true soul with holy virtue burn'd?
The noblest as the meanest pass away,
Alike as worms to mix again with clay;
None but the great Creator can withstand,
The laws gigantic of his master hand;
He, he, alone, the troubled heart can ease,
Its sadness cheer, its fearful hate appease;
He, he, alone, can save us from ourself,
Affix to honor all our needed wealth.
To him we turn when riot shakes our soul,
And madness fierce its fi'ry eyeballs roll;

When passion stung by life's envenom'd snakes,
From sweet control in wild confusion breaks;
When all seems darkness, misery, and death,
With foul plagues charg'd each vip'rous human breath,
'T is then uprising from this slough of sin,
We seek our God, and put our trust in him;
His spirit falling soft as flaky snow,
Our heart possesses — passion's reign o'erthrow!
Again harmonious in our inner life,
Pass on forgetful of occurring strife.
Oh, sweet! it is, the Christian's faith in God, —
To hear his voice as when Eden's sward he trod;
Oh, sweet! it is, in chambers of the mind,
To feel his presence as the summer wind:
Who, who, can name that wondrous joy which springs,
From close acquaintance with most holy things;

Who, who, describe those moments strangely grand,
When souls as God, all nature's wonders scan;
When to the unveil'd vision doth appear,
All objects, vast and varied; far and near;
How at an instant of tremendous ken,
The awe-struck soul with silent fear doth bend.

As once we sat in sweet abstraction deep,
Our vision nature pass'd with frightful sweep,
The view most gorgeous rent our burthen'd eye,
And backward dash'd us to mortality:
With shock voltaic 'gainst our chair was roll'd,
While on our feet we stood with trembling soul:
We could not bear the fearful sight of space,
Jehovah's glory smote our dazzled face.

Ye, who of earth, enwearied, do aspire,

To scale fair heaven in fond truth's desire,

Beware, beware, the danger that attends,

The false pursuit of these alluring ends:

Since reason though 't may be both full and strong,

Is oft to fragments by excitement torn;

The moral sense by disappointment sapp'd,

Becomes debauch'd, for every crime is apt;

The man disgusted with himself and God,

Existence hates, so too, the civil rod;

There is to him no rest upon this globe,

Where chance hath made him but a curs'd abode:

If, when the human carcass is escaped,

The soul doth enter on another state,

He would be gone from out "this den of thieves,"

To gain that world in which he hopes, believes;

And tho' by doubts beset, yet, doth he dare,
To flee this earth in quest of spheres more fair.

As through this land new found we musing tread;
And scan the living as the honor'd dead,
Suggestive thoughts come leaping to the mind,
With fairest grace and charity combined.—
The godlike deeds of those who now repose,
Where loving hand doth daily place the rose;
Where Clay, Calhoun, and Benton, are no more,
But as remember'd for their wondrous lore;
Where Thomas Jefferson, Munroe, and Dane,
In death have found an ever-living fame;
Where Hancock, Adams, and great Webster lie,
The sacred objects of the pilgrim's eye;

Where Bowditch, Fulton, and dear Spurzheim sleep,
While guardian friendship silent vigils keep;
Where D'catur, Franklin, and brave Lawrence speak,
A language purer than the purest Greek;
Where Patrick Henry, Tom Paine, and Jackson,
The merchant Morris and sweet Hamilton,
Where Clinton, Jay, and dearest Harvard breathe,
Their lofty principles to th' waving leaves;
Where reckless Cilly points a painful end,
So deeply sad to stranger and to friend;
Where gallant Ringold and the bold McClung,
Of Mexic' plains proclaim their valor won!
Where Cooper, Irving, gentle Prescott dream;
Where Allston, Channing, Wesley, yet are green;
Where women lov'd in life who wrote and prayed,
As cherubs fair lie in the cooling shade;

Where all the noble and the pure of heart,
In commerce, science, lit'rature, and art,
Repose majestic on the heights of truth,
For which they labor'd from their early youth:
Their deeds heroic are in full array'd,
Before our eye like pearls in Ormar's cave;
To each and all would we expression give,
Were genius ours to make expression live;
Thro' other pens more graceful and more strong,
Must we commit these purest themes to song.

The age — how deep! since all do think who can,
From genteel cook to most ambitious man.
If one would teach in these smart thinking times,
He must have studied at a race-horse's time;

At least a mile two-forty he must go,

O'er learning's track with other nags to know.

The word is steam, slow coaches are despised,

To keep the road there needs broad ears and eyes.

Throughout the land deep thinkers are wide cast,

And one must study hard with these to pass.

You 're sounded instantly by Mr. Dickey;

Himself a wit he 'd have all others witty;

If not a scholar, with contemptuous air,

He turns away for others deem'd more fair.

A genius, or, a talent, in this land,

And in this age each freeman must command,

If he would hold above the tide his head,

Procure a living and a tidy bed:

It is an age of bustle and of pride,

Of scamps most daring in assurance dyed;

Who elbow all — deceive their truest friends,
Perchance obstructing their ambitious ends.
Genius t' truth in firmest bond allied,
Doth not like talent dare the sweeping tide;
But cautious keeps along the shady bank,
With fogy care and slow but steady tramp:
It sees the falsehoods that lay wait to snag,
Its shoulders shrug at talent strangely mad.
If in the country's councils it is heard,
Its voice forewarns, with care expressed its words;
Seldom audacious to attain the rule,
It snubs the braggart and disarms the fool.
It blusters not, nor makes a great parade,
As does the demagogue his stock in trade,
And every circumstance his hopes may aid;
As does the maiden flat in breast and sides,

Pad well both parts to please the lover's eyes;

As does the merchant talk of honor well,

With sanded sugar he would gladly sell;

As does the butcher with an honest face,

In th' bone well shave and smile at his disgrace:

As does the artist respectful manner hold,

To patrons squib'd when artists are alone;

As does the servant 'neath his master's gaze,

Appear to honor his disgusting ways;

As does in fact near all mankind pretend,

To be when enemy, your warmest friend;

But not so genius, talent plays that game,

And plays to win, to snatch a worthless fame.

Our country, oft are ye the nurse of crime,

With thee doth honor little favor find;

'T is *commerce* rules ye either foul or fair,

Your men as women sport a snobbish air:
Your laymen fat and lazy lech'rous priest,
Alike seek women and the sumptuous feast;
Christians in hand with knavish pagans go,
In search for bliss which is but shaded woe.
And this, our country, we may say of thee,
The cradle dear and home of liberty!
Where men may do and say whate'er they please,
Debauch a virgin for a lawyer's fees;
From churches steal, rob dead men's eyes,
Of coppers laid there by attendants wise;
Defraud the banks and turn up Jack all round,
To startle states and terrify the town;
This men may do and gain a host of friends,
"To put them through" their sly nefarious ends.

As we survey with full impartial mind,

Each class of men which civil rule combines,

Throughout all numbers we perceive the cast,

Of gentle cheat from foremost to the last.

Cheat, cheat, cheat, oh, that's the ennobling plan,

Which stands approv'd in this fair freedom's land;

Cheat, cheat, cheat, learn well that chiefest art,

And practice earnestly to play your part;

You shall become with talents to sustain,

A *cit* most popular, of honor'd name;

Cheat, cheat, cheat, it is my friend good law,

No prison is but for the helpless poor!

Cheat, cheat, cheat, you are not smart if true,

To what you know sweet conscience claims her due!

Thus skill'd in art of tricking fellow-men,

The other each doth eye with careful ken:

No word is spoke, no impulse moves the breast,
But subtlest chaps its subtlest meaning guess;
And thus a diamond cuts a diamond well,
And thus is paved the gilded halls of hell!
O, Jupiter! thy bolts prepare to hurl,
Against the cheat of this new Western world;
Where crime is rampant and where faith is dead,
Where men by false philosophy are led;
Where all are thinkers and but few think right,
Where genius hangs upon the brow of night;—
Thy bolts let slip and dash vile falsehood down,
Give virtue sway to claim and hold her own.
Oh, little men and little things we spurn,
Ye both and all your trumpery concerns!
When will the time draw near that sense shall reign,
And justice ask not for our love in vain;

When will those days begin to truth most dear,
Which are to stay neglected genius' tear;
When shall a freeman feel a freeman's pride,
That on our shores true manly thought abides;
Ah, when! the bounding echo does not say,
It yet may be a long and wearying day.
It is no wish of ours to be severe,
Where censure keen doth needful not appear;
We 'd write, how gladly write, full in thy praise,
If duty forced us not to honest ways.
It is for us to witness and declare,
If men are false, or, in their actions fair;
We must be fearless to condemn, or, praise,
As we behold the course of human ways:
And sad it is to see what we do see,
And sadder still to know this land is free!

For if stout freemen cannot hold to truth,
Oh, what is *Liberty* to nations worth?
'T is but the license to carouse at will,
And scatter broadly ev'ry human ill;
'T is but the light whose false and fatal rays,
Mislead the thoughtless and the wise dispraise;
We would be free, yet, *one* despot can endure,
With greater ease than countless numbers more;
A ruffian rabble is a fearful law,
Which soundest wisdom always must deplore:
Our country! yet, we would not hope discard,
While still for thee we cherish fond regard;
While yet we think thou may'st to honor turn,
And for thy truth the world's affection earn.
Ah no, "while yet the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may perchance return;"

So we of thee hath hope our much lov'd land,

And think o'er thee will honor yet command.

We 'll now unto the politician's home;

Enter his study — ah, he is alone!

This *Solon* thinks because he 's "up in books,"

And with his mind the country, wide, o'erlooks,

That he, so "far above the vulgar crowd,"

Should be acknowledged by mankind — "my lord:"

In politics well versed — he knows that states,

Uprise and fall at equal rapid rates;

He 'd show his country, rude, the way to fame,

And add more lustre to "his rising name;

A "party man" he seeks a full control;

To gain the reins, he plys his fervid soul:

He 's now composing a tremendous speech,

He 's bound much wisdom to declare and teach ;
Behold his brow, care-pressed, as runs the pen,
In solemn silence to its journey's end,
Save when grand thoughts to th' paper grandly pass,
Which moves our hero to exclaim — " Hellas !
Hellas ! this shall immortalize my brass ! "
The speech completed and with care expressed,
Is folded warmly to his beating breast ;
He reads it o'er and o'er until the mind,
Precisely knows each graceful gaudy line ;
Then going before " the dear and sov'reign crowd,"
Proclaims his thoughts — deemed most profound,
aloud ;
Some laugh, some sigh, some say, " Oh, what an ass,
To think that *he* can for a statesman pass ! "
The joking cuts him, but he will not yield,

To better men this rough laborious field;

He talks and talks and more of mischief makes,

Than e'er of good can come of his debates.

Throughout the country such imbicles swarm,

The source of *startling* and of just alarm;

They mean to do a wond'rous work for man,

And while they serve him, *see not that they damn.*

This is your statesman wise in his conceit,

Who thinks that wisdom is but loud to speak;

Who "struts his hour on the stage of life,"

And ends, perhaps, his hopeless days with knife;

"The rabble" cursing who could not endure,

"His splendid wit," he deemed most ardent, pure:

There sits he much inflated with false hope,

Of working out what 's far beyond his scope;

Yet, if a friend should whisper in his ear

Of failure, how enraged he would appear:
He 's doomed howe'er to tread that path of shame;
To reap not honor, but disgust and blame!
Thus thro' the land is talent lost to men,
Who, misdirected, unto subjects bend
Their minds, too weak to master what they would —
And thus on other's spheres do dare intrude.
We have no word of censure to assign,
Enough tartaric to these madly blind,
Who, proud, ambitious, are so discontent,
To fill such stations as for them were meant.
Why do not men, impartial, view their wit,
And "take to that" for which they are most fit!
Why cannot youth who would the merchant be,
Conform with willingness to his degree;
Why cannot law and art and all science,

Be undisturbed by those of doubtful sense?
Then would ensue a wholesome, needful change,
Of staring stupids for those having brains!
And kind content be more disposed to reign,
When none presumed a hopeless prize to gain;
But all at work, behold each working well,
While genius leads which harmony compells.

Stand forth ye blatt'ring and ferocious crew,
Who damn all men in mind oppos'd to you;
Stand forth we say that we may send a shaft,
'Gainst thy foul ribs in duty's dear behalf!
Ye would the *Union* crack, in th' centre too,
Bid terror reign to smite mankind anew:
Ye claim of God to be, to speak the truth,
While your base teachings would disgrace the brute!

Alike the Bible and thy country hate,
Would both consign to Agamemnon's fate.
We know thee well, we 've mark'd thy brazen steps,
Have noted close thy controversial pets;
Have seen thy venom spat at godlike worth,
Compar'd to thee as blessings to a curse!
Of all the *imps* in hell none equal thee,
Thou Atean scourge of cherish'd liberty.
The vilest wretch within a dungeon's walls,
The worst of reptiles that on th' belly crawls;
Means less of mischief than thou would effect,
Were thou at helm and had command of deck.
Be Heaven prais'd that so debased a crew,
By their own filth remain a harmless few:
Ne'er may they strengthen but like vermin die,
Too base for earth too gross for home on high.

Come forth ye Authors, scourges of the press!
That we may hurl a jav'lin at thy breast;
And pierce it e'en as ye with your base pens
A nation's morals, with seductive tales;
The merest trash an impure fancy spawns,
Which human heart with basest passion storms.
Oh shame, ye cut-throats! ye vile coward knaves!
Who poison those thy nonsense first enslaves;
Who wait in ambush, as it were, to seize,
The maiden pure to blast with fell disease;
To sensualize mankind, break it down,
And cast it pauperfied upon the town:
Thy wild imaginations most impure,
Should be restricted by a stringent law;
As like a furious beast it roves the State,
Befouls dear life and discord's pains create.

Avaunt, ye wizzards! smiling devils black,
To Pluto's realms haste, oh, hasten back;
Cerb'rus will wag his tail, as Charops smile,
Thy mistress will be charm'd — fair Proserpine!
Charon the ferryman will pipe a song,
As o'er the Stygian lake ye sweep along;
The Gorgons, Centaurs, Furies, and Harpies,
Briarius bold — the monster of Lerna,
The three-bodied Gerrion, and Chimera,
Will all be pleas'd to take ye by the hand,
Alike to thee in Pluto's dread command.[1]

There are who write of fiction's airy school,
Whose holy genius purest fancy rules:
'T is not 'gainst these we raise the cry of shame,

As they do labor for a worthy fame;

They seek to mix with Reason's flinty soil,

The seeds of love to ease its weary toil;

They aim imagination's eye to raise,

From objects low to those of lofty praise;

Their work we cherish, oft to them we flee,

To cheer our heart at gentle nature's plea;

With them we tread the mazy realms of myth,

With them we wonder and with them we list;

As they, we smile, or shed the diamond tear,

As scenes alternate from sweet hope to fear;

Onward we go by their weird genius led,

T' approve the living, or regret the dead.

'T is fancy's country, bright Hesperides!

Whose fruit is gold, rich perfumes are its breeze;

Ehchanted here we for a time forget,

Each sad experience, and each vain regret;
Here ravish'd by the joy of genius' dream,
We heaven attain, while yet an earth-worm mean.
Live fiction, live, while true to virtue's cause!
The cold heart warm and bid injustice pause;
Round rocky reason twine affection's wreath,
To social life a vital honor breathe;
Do this and we 'll defend thee far and near,
The trumpet sound for gallant knight t' appear:
We 'll love thee as are lov'd the fragrant flowers,
Which soothe our passions, light our darksome hours;
And many many sad hours come to shade,
The path we follow to the senseless grave.

Oh, what is *poetry* in this our land,

By muscle sway'd, the daring *clever* man?

Who knows not when the labor'd verse is done,

What what 's its sale, the carping crowd must learn;

Aright to judge if 't will well pay to know,

A bard whose verse in easy couplets flow;

If his melodious turn will him procure,

A well kept table and an open door;

If his young muse will ever live to shed,

A halo round a friend's aspiring head:

These queries are which pointedly attest,

The sordid passions of the human breast;

These queries are the noble poet scorns,

As on truth's wings his gifted mind is borne,

To meditation's realms where fancy dreams,

Beside imagination's crystal streams,

Where storms and sunshine stir alike the soul,

T' express the life o' its inner beating world.
From hence true poetry on tend'rest feet,
With graceful steps fame's gorgeous temple seek;
From hence, too, come that most disgusting trash,
That boasting coxcombs write up at a dash.
This this 's the stuff which loads the bookstores' shelves,
Of public taste a painful story tells;
This this 's the stuff which in the garb of rhyme,
Unerring points sweet poetry's decline!
Poets — who are our poets? Gods, we need
Such men, in fair and noblest song to weave,
The rough material of our giant land,
In epic grand as Homer, Hellas' strand.
Poets! we have them but how few indite,
Such thoughts as breathe and words of startling

might;

How few have written more than talent wrought;

How few to bed by genius hath been brought.

Hiawatha indicates a gem-like pen,

Its gifted author — of a million men;

His subtle wit and purest sweetest diction,

His chasten'd taste, his wild and nice description;

His abundant lore and ample gen'rous heart,

Conspire to place him foremost in his art!

He is the poet of the land, from him

Should come its Epopee — so too its Hymn:

He has the genius — him let do the work;

Let his sweet muse to noblest song give birth;

We wait its coming and predict its charm,

The country's plaudits, hearty, long, and warm.

We've poets by the score who say things well;
On merest talent cut a "lordly swell;"
But what they say has been before oft writ,
And with a nicer, far more brilliant wit.
We would ourself had not so many sung,
Select a theme and thro' all measures run;
But, as before us, on our library shelf,
Is placed the fulness of poetic wealth,
We shrink abash'd from all attempt to be,
Enroll'd in th' ranks of sweetest minstrelsy:
We dare to rhyme, presume with it to strike,
Alike the king, the beggar, and the knight;
Our friends we love, as we contemn our foes,
And warn them off when hard upon our toes;
Our rhyme if not of th' "stately noble kind,"
Is of the fashion — it is with the wind;

With th' current goes, and whate'er does more,
Is apt for its pains to be push'd ashore.
We know that microcosm *man* full well;
He breaks another's while he rings *his* bell;
So, too, both heart and head, if rais'd too high;
Since no sweet brother can with that comply.
Time was when we by reckless ardor led,
O'erlook'd the living, as we did the dead;
But now as age has cool'd the heated blood,
And backward holds the passion's angry flood,
We feel contented with the crowd to pass,
If not a hero, neither lofty ass!
We like true poetry, all *art* we prize,
But mere *pretenders* heartily despise;
They swarm — poor fellows! eager after fame,
But have not genius to conduct the game;

Forever growling — mankind wish them dead,
While wit assails their self-conceited heads;
They live as wretches, and as wretches die,
By envy prick'd which daily hates supply:
Despised and shunned by almost every class,
Their days in sadness, slowly, darkly, pass.
The twain, poetaster and the painter daub,
The false musician, and orator swab;
The mouthing Thespian crack'd, the sculptor botch,
The sham inventor and all such hotch-potch —
We hail as trash! impeding oft the way,
Of merit *true* — as clouds obscure the day.
When will the world be rid of such mismakes,
At war with *genius* which it imitates!
Affects the master when it plays the fool,
And goes to business 'stead of going to school!

Oh, when will drifting lumber soft as this,
Be floated off, or, thrown in darksome pits: —
We have no patience with cracked instruments,
Or rhymster louts who loutish verse invents;
We wish them one and all in that dark sea,
Which Jason sail'd with Peleon timber free,
To gain the Fleece of Gold, Medea's love,
To which pure passion he did faithless prove,
And took Creusa to his perjured bed,
When Argo's beam fell death-charg'd on his head![1]

In this our country where the press is free,
There is no end to *belle lettre* quackery.
As each is moved with some imposing thought,

Instanter they to sacred pen are brought:
A hash is served — the public asked to eat;
And cramm'd are all with toughest kind of meat;
Retain'd an instant then cast forth with joy,
Of pity full for this quack author-boy;
Who will be busy in a sphere beyond,
His narrow scope and puny mental tone.
Ah, shame on th' ignorance that aims to be,
What God and nature views opposingly:
Ah, shame on *saps*, who, in a sea of words,
Hoist heavy sail and make a "godless splurge,"
Till *Æolus* enraged unlocks the wind,
When shabby wit a shabby ending finds.
We love *true* genius and if books it makes,
We seek to know to what these books relate;
If they contain aught of a knowledge fair,

We hail the author, bless'd! with such an heir.
The unschool'd mind in wisdom's pious laws,
In such sound books will ever find its cause;
Just scholarship will teach no worthless theme,
Nor wed the mind to some wild futile dream;
With vigorous wit it grasps where *facts* are hid,
And drags them forth whoe'er the act forbid;
With fearless courage it assaults all *lies*,
And lying writers lustily despise;
By whom the age so fearfully is cursed,
Thro' senseless prose, and still more senseless verse;
By whom the age big with the monster — crime!
Is drugg'd with poison of the vilest kind;
Oh, brutal writers! thus to *truth* unfair,
Remorse shall yet thy blacken'd hearts uptear;
And mem'ry yet her ocean's depths reveal,

To mad thy mind with that in vain conceal'd;
To brand thee foremost in the list of knaves,
Who art and science do alike invade:
Without a conscience and without sweet hope,
Thy chartless souls by doubting *hell* are broke;
Rotten and drunken they infect this globe,
With notions false whence tribulation flows;
And man with man by them in combat join'd,
With fiendish hate, of each does life despoil.
This is thy work, ye truthless scribblers bold,
Whose fearful books by dealers all are sold;
Because 't is said for *them* there is demand,—
That foul damnation may engulf the land!
It comes — it comes! upon our precient sight,
Licentious thought doth hurry on the night!
It comes — it comes, the blood-stain'd hand is there,

Against the weeping and indignant air :

No tongue can parry, no stout arm can save,

This noble country from a shameful grave,

(Dug by mad teachers in the quest of fame,

Some little laurel for accursed name),

But God's ! to *him* let each true patriot kneel,

To stay the doom to us not unrevealed.

The *press* design'd to scatter broad the seed,

Of social purity of check hath need ;

Aye, check ! we care not who may at us howl,

The press is false — by writers most befoul'd !

If freedom sweet is worth a freeman's care,

The press should not its precious strength impair ;

The press should not with scurvy falsehood teem,

Because it *pays* and yields good harvesting!
Yet, do we know this fearful evil lies,
Without the reach of surest remedies.
Those living by the vending of untruth,
Are legion! with spirits fierce, uncouth!
The right of saying, printing, what they please,
Would still be held whate'er the fell disease,
Induced by specious, false, and gaudy speech,
By which sly knaves their knavish doctrines teach;
Ye scourges! oh, *press* on; the time will come,
When reckless authorship quite all undone,
Shall laws obey assuming greater power,
That truth and virtue may command the hour;
Then shall sweet liberty indeed be sweet,
And man in safety walk the darken'd street.
'T is not so *now;* Plug-Uglies have the rule,

And push weak justice from its weaker stool.
An "Empire Club" in every state and town,
Takes order by the ears and knocks it down:
Parades its *muscle* thro' the trembling land,
With snakish eye and bowie-knife in hand;
These loutish cut-throats think our noble flag,
"A right good-looking and most taking rag;"
They think 't was made to hover o'er the free:
So "they are bound to govern and to spree."
This is the *status* of the "pop'lar vote,"
A nasty, sick'ning, oh, most sad'ning bloat!
Whence comes it, whence, this rowdyistic reign,
Of which the wise with earnest speech complain?
Whence the audac'ty that so oft presumes,
From virtue's hand to hold the rod of rule?
Oh, whence? the press, the press, that fearful shaft,

When not enlisted in dear truth's behalf:
The press, the press! oh, may it guard the *right*,
And save our liberties from endless night!
At its high option 't is to bless mankind,
Or, once again in chains its limbs confine;
The nations backward hurl to th' middle age,
When *right* was *might* and *iron* passion raged![1]

To us who liveth in this flood of light,
Which marks our times tho' flippant not polite;
There is a tender love for this advance,
We 'd not subject to any fell mischance;
We 'd bolt our freedom thro' and thro' with *right*,
And for just laws, as fiery Mars would fight!
We 'd put all rascals on the *Ixion* wheel,

Revolving ever by the gates of *hell;*

We 'd flood the country with industrious bees,

Whom falsehood's clans should never cease to teaze;

We 'd leave no stone unturn'd, no thought unspoke,

Which could defend and save our country's hope!

For her'tage great to each of us hath come,

The noblest state o'er which hath roll'd the sun,

We would protect with all a freeman's care,

To bless the future and insure it fair.

The past we know — its mirror bids us pause,

Ere we too willingly assail our laws;

We see reflected in its broad extent,

The course of empires with their grand events;

We see the scholar quite forgot and sad,

Predict the ruin falsehood had declared;

We see the despot and his crew of knaves,

Defenceless wretches send to outrag'd graves.
Assyria, Persia, in the flowery East,
And later yet, august immortal Greece;
The Jews, the Arabs, Brama's sacred fanes,
Are blacken'd o'er by error's deep-dyed stains;
Imperial Rome, too, on her seven hills,
Reflects the sadness of her thousand ills;
And Europe fair, where *Attila* the Hun,
From the far North besotted Gaul o'errun;
Whose savage hordes disdaining woman's tears,
Wept *blood* all reckless of a woman's fears,
When fell in death their bold conqu'ring chief,
For whom eyes sword-pierced was a fitting grief:
In coffins wrought of silver, iron, gold,
They placed his body while they moan'd his soul;
Then on a bed of arms and precious stones,

They laid him — buried with the diggers' bones;
That th' secret solemn of his final rest,
Might be restricted to his soldier's breast!
E'en thus was *Alaric* the Goth entombed,
Who fill'd *Italia* with a savage gloom:
The stream *Busento* from its course was led;
They dug a trench deep in the channel's bed;
The chief was there mid gold and jewels laid,
And there was butcher'd the attendant slaves,
That one whom *Goths* so well in life had served,
Might in the earth be silent unobserved.

Oh, page of hist'ry what sad scenes are thine,
From earliest statements of recorded time;
How laws have bent and broken at the will,

Of faction stolid whom base traitors drill!
How worth has perish'd while disheart'ning crime,
Hath every curse and every hate combined.
Would through the plains and mountains of this land,
The warning past was known to every man —[1]
The pit-falls seen, the drear destructive reefs,
With their heart-rending and too-constant griefs;
Oh, might they in the eye of freedom dwell,
To guard its steps from death's most doleful knell.
So might we be a band of human strength,
Supreme in genius, learning, and in wealth,
Not all the nations on the globe combined,
Could stricken down or influence confine!
For this we hope — may pitying Heaven lend,
Its holy aid to this triumphant end!
May as the morning be the evening time,

Of this our country in its rise, decline, —
May statesmen navigate the ship of state,
As o'er the wave she bears her precious freight;
May quacks and pirates at the yard-arm swing,
And birds of prey be driven to the wing;
Then shall her decks uncumber'd by disease,
Reflect warm sun and hug "the spanking breeze:"
Onward she 'll go till wrinkled age shall lay,
Her hoary timbers in sweet peace away.
Delightful prospect! Oh, how beats the heart,
When truth seems destined to its wonted part,
When hope sits cheerful in the morning sky,
And pictured fancies load the ravish'd eye;
When streams of rippling music melt the ear,
And lulls to sleep each earnest wakeful fear:
Oh, 't is enchanting! may it be no dream,

But fated truth unconquered and supreme;
May this our country be the freeman's boast,
A beacon empire to the enchain'd hosts,
That o'er the world in sweating bondage lie,
The victims cursed of hate and treachery!

We Cannonade! we shoot the worthless game,
That sweeps the fields, destroys the tender grain;
'T is not a pleasing, or, a thankful task,
To pelt soft folly, or, its hopes to blast;
Nor pleasant is 't to whip one's dearest child,
Yet, mothers know how needful 't is the while:
The lash, the lash, tho' painful be its use,
Demands mild exercise without abuse:

So we in humble confidence essay,
To crack it o'er mean error's noisome way;
To whip it well, to break its spirit down,
And chase it headlong from each outraged town.
We know how feeble is our arm to wield,
The whip of wit; the keen and warrior steel;
Still in the service we may do some good,
Tho' slight our build, our earnest manners rude.
To scarify each failing of the age,
Would be to bleed both sappy and the sage!
And yet, disease would still exist to tell,
How weak is lash and knife tho' handled well.
The faults which mark us as a people free,
Exist where'er existeth liberty —
That boldness and impatience of restraint,
That proud conception of a freeman's strength;

That ardent love of rapid motion wild,
Observed in th' active ever-bounding child;
E'en as the youth and man, who scorn to creep,
But boom along with reckless dashing sweep,
At West, the East, the North, and "sunny South,"
With ears wide ope and with extended mouth,
To dainties gather as they come along,
With shrewdest whistle and a gleeful song.
Whoe'er has travers'd thro' our broad domain,
The mountains skirted and the verdant plains,
Hath read, *thro' all conditions*, in each eye,
The conscious pride of sweetest liberty;
Hath noted oft and oft how great the least,
Partaking of this democratic feast;
And tho' a master, yet, hath felt as *man*,
Since those who rule *are servants in the land!!*

Cannot have failed to weep as well as smile,
At freedom's tricks so thoughtless and so wild;
Still in the sum of all our nation's points,
While much debases, yet, how much exalts!
We 've passed the ocean to its farthest shores,
Where *China* stretches with its Pagan hordes;
Where *Luconia* 'midst th' translucent wave,
A vegetation rich with pride parades;
Where Mexic's copper-colored Peons play
Their rials off, the earnings of each day;
Where California's flat-faced Indians seem,
The dread embodiment of some dark dream;
Yet we 've n'er witnessed in our varied rounds,
The solid substance of a Yankee's bounds,
As in his home he sits with wife and child,
Secure beneath the stars and stripes the while:

None calls he master when the day's work 's done,
With rich men votes tho' daily he be dunned;
He feels he 's free! and if his freedom brings,
No great advantage to his purse, or sins,
He 's free, how free! and *that* his heart doth warm,
With that he meets life's sunshine and its storm.
He has the right to think as he may please,
To live a miser, or, "to take his ease;"
Just as the humor may possess the brain,
As first comes wind and then the pelting rain;
As first brays *ass* and then loud bleets the sheep,
Bellows the cow and comes the owl's wild screech,
So doth a freeman to his freedom true,
Indulge his fancy with least care of you.
If he *ambia* spit in your clean face,
Your face was wrong in being out of place;

If he your hat should take, your cane, or purse,
You should to these things give attention first;
The freeman, sir, *in all his acts is right*,
And if one's gouged that one is short of sight,
Which is his fault, "no man can e'er be blamed,
In this free country when he shoots fair game."
"Out West," at "valliant South," in North, and East,
We find that freemen make a freeman's feast:
We don't complain — 't is liberty's delight,
To spice with *wrong* the tasteless dish of right;
And whilst this land is free — we must expect,
To get well rubbed and eat of dirt our peck:
For this we bargained when the stars and stripes,
Our being welcomed from the womb's brief night.
We 're in the compact — 'bide its easy terms,
And while we hit it, yet, we hold it firm:

We love our *land* — its men of each degree,
We "thank our stars" that we are of the free!
And while we ridicule what seems most base,
The goddess Liberty! will e'er embrace.
No system yet was perfect, or, was pure,
So freedom oft is vicious on our shore;
Yet, in a throng of thirty million souls,
What rule so free, has held such wise control?
And where the nation to direct the eye,
In such defence of civil liberty.
O, Father kind! grant that with all our faults,
We may progress and vanquish all defaults;
Proceeding from an uncheck'd passion's rage,
Embracing head-strong youth and careful age:
O, grant in all contentions we may gain,
A firmer faith in freedom's lasting reign:

Then shall arise on this fair teeming globe,
A band of brothers linked in common woes,
And common joys, whose hardy chiv'lrous soul,
With *love* shall conquer this distracted whole.

And here we close; kind reader say is not,
Our shooting well — our fire both cool and hot;
Have we not aim'd regardless all of fear,
To pity dumb and blind to suppliant tear?
Have we not battled for dear love and right,
The wrong impaled and hurled to sable night?
Have we not smote each phase of human guilt,
From boasting quack to padded heartless jilt?
Then since our task is ended we no more,
At crime and criminals our hot shot pour;

But leave them to digest the iron bestow'd,
That virtue's seed hereafter may be sowed;
And in the language of sweet *Milton* grand,
These lines commend to each and ev'ry man, —
"*He that hath light within his own clear breast,*
May sit in th' centre, and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon."

Ye favored men of this new western world,
(Which the intrepid Genoese unfurl'd),
Be but unfaithful to thy awful trust,
May God wide scatter to the winds thy dust,
Blot out from life each atom foul of thee,
To honor dead — unworthy to be free!

May some fierce scourge e'en as the tattooed Goths,
Thy land invade and trample with their hoofs;
May some stern *Akbar* steeded by thy sea,
Give other faith and sterner rule to thee!
That chief of Moslems, who, when halting 'fore,
The broad Atlantic surging to the shore,
Swore but for it he would continue on,
To bear the *Crescent* and oppose "the Son,"—
Put to the sword rebellion, bond and free,
Who worshipp'd *Mah'met* any God but thee!
Thus would depart in deep eternal death,
The treasured joys which Pilgrim love had left;
Thus would be writ that man had proved to man,
Fair freedom false — unstable of command!
Thus would be writ that might is ever right,
And virtue, as the stars that robe the night;

A garment only to conceal the form,

Of sterner rule, since mildest rule had gone ;

Thus would be writ in signs of living fire,

Man's soul is false to man's supreme desire !

He would be free, yet, with a tiger's leap,

Bounds o'er the prec'pice to an endless deep,

Where crows and jackalls on his body feast,

And gnaw the heart once noble in his breast !

O, Father ! spare to this our native land,

So sad a fate, unworthy " godlike man ! "

NOTES.

[Voltaire said that the play of "Hamlet" seemed to him the work of a drunken savage; and Hume said, a reasonable propriety of thought he cannot for any time uphold. Byron remarked of Shakspeare that he was an imposter! If so God-like an Intellect — powers of art so grand as to give us a reexpression of human nature in all its forms, seeing with a divine eye into the work of divinity — was thus abused, what may an humble rhymster like ourself expect of fairness from those critics who are satisfied with nothing that does not emanate from their own school or clique.]

Page 16. — 1. We would here be understood as meaning the *fortress of untruth*. We trust that we shall be excused for the assumption of an ability to prevail against it. We would rather wish to be understood as having the *will* to do so. Untruth is too strongly fortified to be easily dislodged or captured.

Page 18. — 1. We feel it to be due that we should append a note to our lines on education. It is a very important subject; one of the most so which a people have to consider. We are among those who do not believe in over-stimulating the brain of youth, or exciting it too much in manhood; and we feel if there is an evil apparent it is that of too much teaching; — too much thinking, thinking, thinking!! If this system of over-stimulus continues, it will knock this country and its institutions out of sight, before we have time to save them. The bone and sinew is all very well in its way; but if the mental culture of a country is without a proper check, without a proper balance of truth, we say no amount of mere good-natured muscle can save it: *it must die*. It is the intellect, after all, that leads and rules. If that is diseased, or befogged in error, there is no such thing as good government!

We contend that the actual amount of real, sound, moral truth, as the *result of our system of mental stimulus*, is entirely disproportioned to the time and money expended in the production of this stimulus; nor do we believe that it is at all within the demand necessary to self-government. If persons do not

grow in goodness as they increase in knowledge, their knowledge is a curse, rather than a blessing! The pursuit of absolute truth is well; but may it not be expecting too much of a community that all its members should be literary? — should be "on the jump" for new ideas! — when the truth is, our old ideas, many of them, are only about half worked up, and but imperfectly comprehended. When every means is employed to stimulate the ordinary brain to get ideas whether fitted to their station and capacities or not, we say, in our poor judgment, a fatal error is being committed. The path of knowledge should be made easy to none. Learning is a sacred trust! and they only, as a rule, know its value, and make a good use of it, who have been at considerable trouble to acquire it. The idea that in order to preserve our institutions we must make scholars of all our citizens, — deluge the land with books and libraries! — is an old woman's whim, and though coming from her heart is more hearty than profound. *The preservation of our institutions is based upon the consciences and bellies of our people.* Let us strive to keep the one tolerably clear, and the other quite full, and we may last until old age; but inflate and overload the brain with ideas of a soaring nature, — too much finery! — and no government will be suitable to that state of things but a — throne! When cooks, chambermaids and butlers, bootblacks and scavengers, get to be pretty good scholars, — get to know more of a useless character to them than their employers can understand, — we should be glad to know what sort of subordination will then exist. What subordination is there even *now* of the inferior to the superior classes? We may be a republic, but no amount of republicanism or democracy can destroy the fact, that in the constitution of society under any form of government, there will be gradations of talent, from one to ten, and that *classes* will obtain. Nobody wants a literary cook or bootblack, but some one to serve whose mind will be directed to the duties in hand, and who will be content to *serve*. If God had formed the brain for this universal literary and scientific movement of the day, we should acquiesce in its wisdom; but he has done no such thing. The brain is of all sorts and sizes; and not more than one in a thousand, perhaps, is adapted to more than the rudiments of an education or culture.

Page 25. — 1. In our reference here to the scholar, we would be understood as entertaining the conviction that no one knows better than the earnest seeker and digger after truth, the great danger of being plunged into the pitfalls of error, and the liability which a severely logical mind is subjected to of a disbelief in the pretentions of Christ, as set forth by the records.

We have every sympathy with the infidel, because we know his argument, viewed in a strictly human and logical sense, is strong and unanswerable; but it is not in this sense that we are to deal with Christianity. We are not to regard it as a question to be tried in *court*, but as a matter purely of a spiritual character, and to be studied in that sense Every one knows what his or her

spiritual need is, and if there is any scheme of religion which so well responds to this need, we should be glad to know what it is, and where to be found.

Although the Christian scheme cannot be proved to a mathematical certainty, it is a wonderful invention, and so perfectly simple and yet incomprehensible that we think it must be from God, upon the evidence that it is anti-human; not at all in conformity with man, or his known impostures.

Page 25. — 1.

.....*power*
.....*scholar.*

We have in this instance and in several others admitted imperfect rhyme; and for the reason that it was not convenient for us to fix upon a phraseology that should comply with the strict rule; although in a work of greater pretension we should be more particular. We have also omitted the comma in many places, where the sense of the verse did not require its use in order to be readily comprehended by the reader. Our object in taking this liberty was to avoid cutting up the lines *unnecessarily*. Milton says "Rhyme is no necessary adjunct or true ornament of a poem, or good verse, in lengthy works especially, but the invention of a barbarous age." Both Homer in Greek and Virgil in Latin were without rhyme. The neglect of rhyme, then, is little to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so, perhaps, to vulgar readers.

Page 36. — 1. We may be thought to entertain the idea that man as a finite being is altogether unworthy of confidence and love. We desire not to be so understood. The wrongs which he has committed have been "inhuman;" there has never been an age in the world's eventful history, however, without its Sir Philip Sidneys, its Fenelons, its Addisons, its Franklins, its Clarksons, its Madam Guyons, its Grace Darlings; in fact its heroes and heroines of every name and nature; but the monsters of vice have been too powerful for truth; and hence we have a world whose annals, not wisely and dispassionately considered, would weaken, if not break down, all faith in human nature and all trust in God!

Page 49. — 1. We do not wish to be misunderstood in declaring that Christ "left life and peace eternal with his name;" and we here would remark, that we refer to man as an immortal being, and not as a mere object of human government and laws. In the name of Christ the devil has desolated the earth with strife; but the true Christian in every age has enjoyed a confident hope in the immortality of his soul, and "that peace which passes all understanding."

Page 51. We have on this page referred to our country's name as being yet untarnished, and on page 31 we allude to it as cradled in the basest lie. This may to some appear to be an irreconcilable contradiction; but a fair criticism will find no inharmony.

Page 65. — 1. We contend that there is nothing innate in man whatever, except his capacity for knowledge; that circumstances of education and personal experience form his character either for good or evil. We believe that the most vicious men who have ever lived could have been trained to be the best.

When we say in a previous note that not more than one brain in a thousand is adapted to more than the rudiments of an education, it may appear to contradict our opinion that the most vicious men could have been trained to be the best; but the contradiction is only apparent; there is none in fact. Because a person's capacity for attaining knowledge is limited it does not follow that that person will be vicious, if he or she has not been led to misunderstand themselves. The great aim of all education should be to teach souls what they can best do, and to entertain no hopes of advancement to honor which their own abilities cannot sustain.

Page 73. — 1. Exception may be taken to our application of the term knight to Mr. Everett. If in this we have greatly outraged any one's "delicate sense of truth," hurt their feelings, we crave to be forgiven. If Mr. Everett has never been identified with the military of the country, — never a swaggering, ostentatious soldier, — he has, in our judgment, the courage for any position demanding the full powers of a man! Therefore we have dubbed him knight.

Page 78. — 1. There is a wind in Araby called *Sarsar*, the wind of death, which no sooner touches a man than he dies.

We would not be understood as advocating the doctrine of intervention on the part of Congress to prevent the spread of this evil. We think Congress should have nothing to do with the matter, but that it should be left with the Territories to manage. The men who go into these Territories are fully competent to judge of their own interests. We simply mean to condemn the doctrine of the South that we of the North should interfere in behalf of the institution. This, we contend, is an outrageous demand, — at once an insult and barefaced effrontery which is unparalleled in the history of nations.

Page 113. — 1. Perhaps we shall be thought to be unnecessarily severe on those persons who are before the country as *poets* and *poetesses*. But any one who knows what, in fact, poetry is, — who is familiar with the English, French, and Italian classics, — cannot fail to sustain us in our position. To be a true

poet, in these later times, when almost every combination of conceivable thought has been put into type, and this, too, in the most masterly manner, is to be of a more exalted genius than even Homer and Menander themselves.

Page 104. — 1. *The ambition for literary fame!* Says Pope (and who more competent than he to advise) "I believe if any one early in life should contemplate the dangerous fate of *authors*, he would scarce be of their number on *any consideration*. The life of a wit is a warfare upon earth; and to pretend to serve the learned world in any way, one must have the *constancy of a martyr*, and a resolution to suffer for its sake." All this is so true in literary history that he who affects to suspect the sincerity of Pope's declaration may flatter his sagacity, but will do no credit to his knowledge. If a person has an income which is sufficient for his needs as a gentleman; for the gratification of elegant tastes, the pursuit of literature (provided he can publish his own works, or aid in this handsomely) is well; but under any other circumstances it is not well; and where one makes authorship a profession by which to get his bread, it is the most dangerous of all avocations both to health of body and mind. He who writes for a *living* is constantly putting to paper what he is disgusted with; but as it *sells* he must furnish it. The soul becomes offended at the necessities of the body which compells its prostitution; and the result is such a disturbed condition of the conscience as makes of that writer's bosom a hell upon earth. He looks abroad into society, and he sees good fat bodies and cheerful faces, who obtain a comfortable support by the vulgarism of commerce, — are courted and respected, — while he works like a dog against a conscience which heats his brain with indignation, envy, and remorse. He is proud! — desires deference, but gets it not, only in the formal way of stereotyped affable insincerity. He knows human nature too well to be humbugged by it; and from his habit of constant reflection on the passions of his species he not unfrequently comes to hate mankind with an intensity of will that can be defined only by *white heat*.

An author who lives by his pen, unless quite successful, is a most miserable being. His confidence in humanity is wrecked, and hate is the most active element of his soul; and even if successful he finds himself so susceptible to impressions that his soul is in a constant state of volcanic action.

We think no one should enter on authorship who can be tolerable happy out of it. But few men have anything to say that has not been better said before; and theirs is the only fame worth undergoing the drudgery and solemnity of the study to achieve. Those on the plain of authorship have little love and *less* respect for each other, however social they may be. Envy and jealousy is the poison which annihilates all sincerity and true confidence. And as to the world outside of authorship, — the heaps of flesh and bones, that go through their heartless, daily routine of business, — why it is well understood that they have

about as little consideration for the claims of literary genius as a snapping cat does, or a savage bull-terrier, for a prowling rat.

How comparatively few in literature have it in their power to live as they could wish. Drudgery, the perfidy of friends, and the imbittered hate of enemies, ill-paid, trying labor, and many other trials make up for them a sum of wretchedness that blights all joy, and converts what were once noble dispositions into ingenious traps for the unwary.

Thus the pursuit of literature as a profession has made thousands base, who, out of it, would have preserved their integrity. Society is overrun with persons who, being smart enough "to earn their living" in some pursuit which requires no particular exercise of the intellect further than to think over the same stereotyped matter from day to day, — because "earning their living" (that 's the great idea with them; and it certainly is a virtuous one), they are therefore qualified to contradict, both right and left, anybody who may chance come in their way, and to annoy by their insufferable twaddle those who have the least possible taste for it. They abuse the intellectual — artists, persons of literary habits — whom they denounce as worthless, because they participate in none of the feelings of these, — are strangers to their motives, their views, and their delights. We know no more sad fate than for genius to be compelled such associations, *from the pressure of circumstances.*

We remember, some time since, meeting a gifted artist — a painter — on School Street, late in the night, whom we well knew. He happened to be drunk, and was bolstered up against the side of King's Chapel. We said to him, "*Joe*, why are you here?" "My dear fellow," said he, looking at us with his dark eyes, and an expression of countenance we shall never forget, "I am here because it is the only bed I can pay for." "But you are drunk, Joe," we replied; "how happened that?" "Dined out, to-day, my dear fellow, and have not been well since," he returned. "Come," we rejoined, "get up, and go to your room." "O, but my dear sir, I have been there once, and was driven away. There 's a week's rent due, and I can't pay. My good lady of the house says she wishes all painters were in h—l, as they never have any money when it is most wanted." He stopped for a moment; then muttered, "A very delightful world, this — *very!*" We took Joe in charge, and going to the house where he roomed, rang for the landlady, who on making her appearance slammed the door in our faces. "There," says Joe, "you see what a friend *she* is. It is just such a slam as that, sir, which has time and time again sent me to *rum*. It 's no use to try to get in *there*. Come, the moon is bright and cheerful; — let us lodge with her." We succeeded, after rapping pretty hard for some time, in bringing the woman back again, who, after a good deal of hard talk, consented to take Joe in for the night, if we would pay what he owed her, — a week's board! This we cheerfully did, and our friend Joe was quartered for the night.

This landlady was by no means an ill-bred woman. She was *smart* and intel-

ligent; yet she had the heart to say "she wished all *geniuses* were in the House of Correction, as they never pay their bills when they can help it. Here is this painter; I have had him, now, for a year; and I'll swear to you he never pays when he ought to. He's always talking about faces: O, he's going to get so much for this face, and that face; still the money due me is never on hand. Now, sir, I do declare to you, if I had a son whom I suspected of having any genius for paint of any kind, or clay, I'd take him by the heels, and knock these abominable notions out of him, by battering his head against a stone wall until I had well sifted it of all art. Art, sir!—*skunks!*" We left this woman willingly, after seeing Joe well bestowed, with sorrowful reflections on genius and its persecutions. Joe had paid her, from time to time, all he owed, but not regularly; he being situated as artists in general, unable to command steady work. But our landlady was one of those delectable formations of combined mind and matter which it is impossible to impress with anything like a rational idea of any one's trials but her own, and still more difficult is it to inspire with a respect for genius, and a tender care of it, when from the embarrassments of its position it fails to meet its obligations, and from its good genial nature becomes the victim of its own generous impulses and warm-heartedness.

We have seen many such, in our time, in every quarter of the world where we have sojourned. Whilst in California, we witnessed very many instances of the brutality of mere money-getters towards those whom God had endowed with the precience and glory of genius!!

Page 120.—1. Such an amount of mere twaddle and sentiment,—such a sum of absolute vulgarity, as finds its way into type, and what is still more extraordinary, remunerates publication! is a pitiful comment on the taste of our people, and indicates a depth of corruption of the most alarming nature. Of course there is no remedy for this evil but the good sense and moral elevation of our citizens.

Page 124.—1. We may appear to be at variance here with the idea we have advanced on a previous page, namely, that it is not necessary all should know of "Rome and its decline." A knowledge of general history is most needed by all our citizens, but not a *particular* knowledge,—all its facts and horrors.

☞ We ask no one to accept us as a *poet*. We have too high an appreciation of the dignity of *poesy* to lay any claim to its honors; and we trust this disclaimer will exempt us from "a literary cudgeling for our pretensions," as was the case when we published "Our Modern Athens; or Who is First?" That satire was an unpretentious affair, and as we stated, was offered as loose verse, or doggerel, and was published not with a view to literary fame, but for an entirely different object, the pursuit of which was glory and compensation enough

for us. That object was to assail the idea so prevalent in this community, viz., that "money makes the man; the want of it the fellow!" We envy no persons their success; but we do most emphatically condemn in the successful that want of generous bearing towards the unfortunate which proves them to be not Christians, but pagans! This manifestation of mind has ever been the mark of the satirist; and though a constant stream of ridicule has been played at it, from time immemorial, the breed has not been in the least improved. Nor do we think if God with his visible finger should write upon the blue sky his command, "Be honest, be just and magnanimous," that any more heed would be paid to the Almighty's behest than though it were but the whistling of the wind, or a clap of distant thunder.

We would say to the person who gave us a "literary cudgeling" for publishing "Our Modern Athens; or, Who is First?" that he is about as competent to the business of a critic as would be a spavined and broken-winded mule for the race-course! *Sheridan*, beset by a pack of dirty, scribbling curs, who were ever barking at his heels, disposed of them as follows: "As for the little, puny critics who scatter their peevish strictures in private circles, and scribble at every author who has the eminence of being *unconnected with them*, as they are usually spleen-swollen, from a vain idea of increasing their consequence, there will always be found a petulence and illiberality in their remarks which should place them as *far beneath the notice of a gentleman as their original dullness had sunk them from the level of the most unsuccessful author!!*"

Here is a glass of *sherry* which if our *gentleman!* of the "*Express*" will sip at his leisure, may do him some good. The more dignified and politic may think "we have done wrong to notice this fellow." To them we would say, that we should not have done so were it not that he occupies the position which an honest man and gentleman should fill, and we desired the fact should have circulation. But for this reason we should have preserved silence. His abuse of "Our Modern Athens; or Who is First?" greatly aided its *sale*. Persons thought that a work so *savagely* abused must have more than common merit.

But enough of this fellow and his dirty pen. We shall take no further notice of him, unless he gives us an opportunity to bring him into court, and do him tenderly up in a sweet-scented *declaration*. We would most considerately remark, however, in conclusion, for his especial benefit, that a very high authority has said, "He who calls his brother a *fool* is in danger of hell fire;" and that if he would avoid being roasted alive he will see to it in the future, that his language is more in keeping with that high standard of literature he would have the patrons of his paper believe it is his desire to promote and establish. We honor his good intentions, but regret he does not appear to possess the requisite character or ability to carry them fully and fairly out; that he appears to be more of a toady, to those of established and safe reputations, *than a fair, conscientious critic*.

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